

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 33.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1842.

[SIXPENCE.]

REPRINT.

CHRISTMAS.

Health, happiness, and warm greeting to all our readers! We cannot allow this life-stirring season to overtake us without a cordial and happy welcome to its festive spirit, a word of brotherhood and fellowship to all around, a claim upon the young friendship of society, and a genial thankfulness of heart for our own thriving prosperity, now crowned by old Christmas with holly for the first time. This first winter of ours comes upon us with a propitious face of smiles and sunshine. We may well hope to weather all the storm it brings us, since it is only one of congratulation and renown. It may seem egotism to assert that, within a few short months of existence, the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has become FAME, but it is truth also; and now that we are almost closing the year which gave it birth, we rush happily and enthusiastically into the greetings of the season, return gladly the smiles and compliments of our friends, and confess the pride with which their approval and confidence have elevated us,—and the bounding, stimulating activity of heart, that stirs our young blood into fresh exertion and enterprise on our darling public's behalf. And we even fancy that these fervent impulses are the life-springs of an old English feeling which never yet dishonoured human nature, but rather increased the goodness, while it declared the brightness of the heart! Joyously and exultingly, then, do we shake hands with the Christmas of 1842!

And, first, it is a source of unmixed pleasure for us to know that the ancient guest of winter has arrived amongst us without one spark of bitterness, or any other than a cheerful brow. The weather has all the serene mildness of that wise and merciful Beneficence by which it is dispensed from on high. The poor are not perishing by our highways nor shivering in our streets; and misery, in the gentle clemency of the season, has at least one relief from God. We are heartily rejoiced at this in the present condition of the country: not that we ever, as a question of climate, dreaded or disregarded a frost. It has a fine hoar comely beauty about it, putting the silver of age upon the year. It is crisp, healthful, seasonable—symbolical of genuine bracing, vigorous winter. It reddens the cheek, sparkles the eyes, refreshes the constitution, makes the morning sun seem brighter, and the evening fire glow forth more comfort from the hearth! But when food and clothes are scant—when the human frame is crouched into a corner of poverty's cheerless dwelling—then the biting weather and the bitter season are pinching and terrible indeed. All hearts then should be glad that we have this mild weather for our poor, and that Christmas, as yet, threatens no extra wretchedness, to pall the enjoyments of festivity, or cloud the natural gaiety of the time. The prices of coals, food, and raiment diminish, and the sadness of pauperism is comforted by every frugal penny saved. One regret, nevertheless, still stares us in the face, in the existence of the union workhouses, the bastilles of England, the prisons, rather than the shelter, of the destitution of the land! The duty of charity, however, should, therefore, impress itself more forcibly upon those who have to spare. We must not conceal from ourselves, merely because the weather of the moment is mild and fair, that there is a terrible amount of want and affliction around us. The people are poor in multitudes, and it is only an alleviation, and reason for praise to Heaven, that the starvation of cold is not added to that of hunger. And, when to the knowledge of a certain amount of wretchedness we add the conviction that the profligate and cruel Poor-law of the country is quite inadequate to supply the place of charity by legislation, then the duties of benevolence and the active spirit of human brotherhood are called the more imperatively into play, and the individual citizens of society should seek, by those personal virtues, to atone for the wickedness of national severity and injustice. We earnestly hope that the clergy will enjoin this principle to the rich and well-doing of their congregations, so that the light of their own festive happiness may carry a smiling reflection back into the cottage, and bless, without spilling one drop of the poison of envy into their bosoms, the grateful spirits of the poor. And, by the way, we may here significantly ask of the bounty which the Queen appealed to the Church to raise for the starving—how has that been expended, and is there any to distribute now?

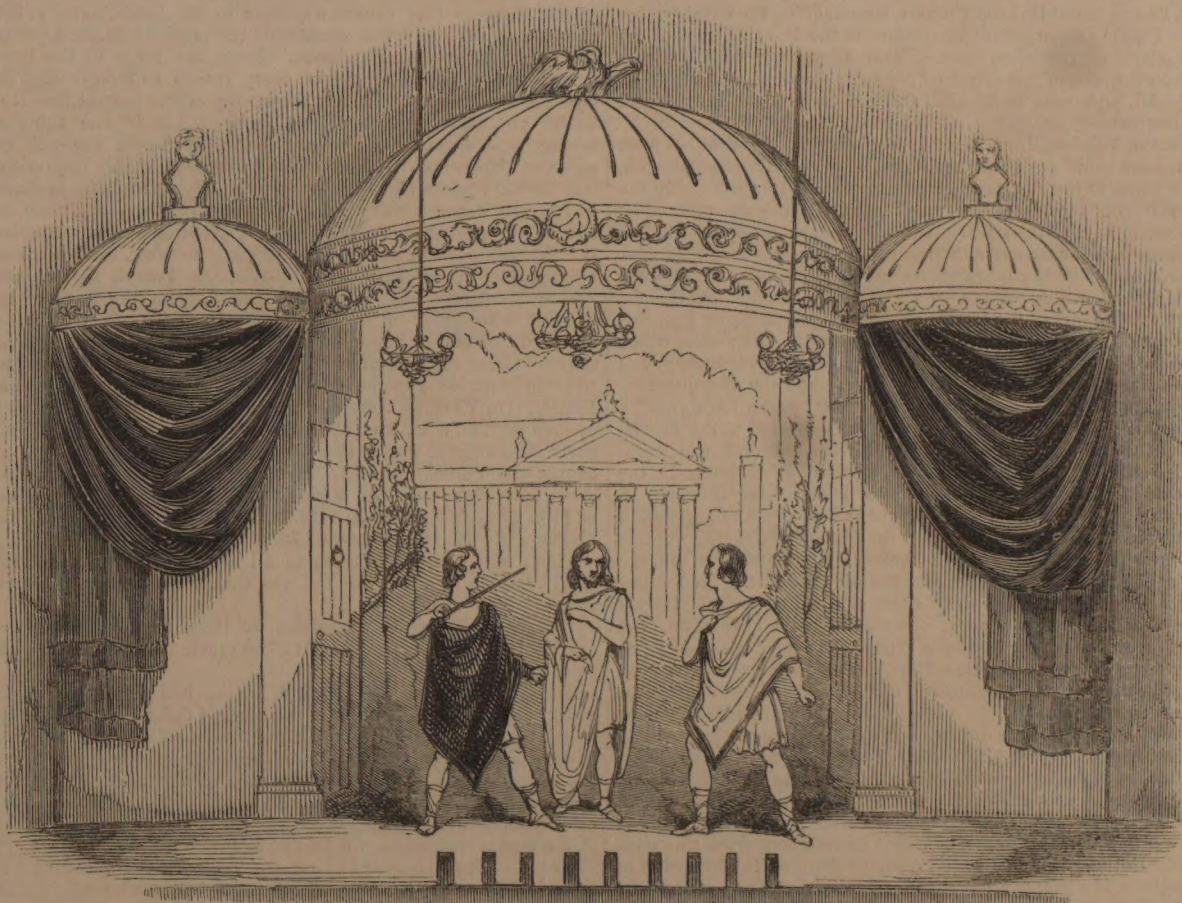
Having made the poor our first consideration, let us return to our starting-point of season-greeting, and give joy to the great community at large. The aspect of affairs is one to like, and social and political circles may alike, and, independent of party, feel gratified with the way in which our year is drawing to a close. Christmas has come—in a very large sense—hand in hand with Plenty and with Peace. The year has been a great year for agriculture; we have had fine flowing crops, and provisions have been cheapening upon us just at the period when they generally press hardest upon the people. Then the opening of our commerce with China, and the closing of another war, are,—no matter at whose gate lies the credit,—advantages that herald in our Christmas with sounding voices of pride and hope. We could now quite afford to be hospitable to the Celestial Emperor's emissary, and almost to pity Ahkbar Khan. As for his Chinese excellency, it is sad that he is not here, for our good jovial Christmas will hardly be happy without him. How soon he would entwine his crown and plait his tails with holly and the red berry of the west! How he would pour elder, and spiced ale, and flip and ginger to be "hot i' the mouth," down his ambassadorial throat! How he would make plumpudding the *joss* of his momentary veneration, and convince him of the

improvement that is rendered unto mustard by beef! Yes, the representative of the brother of the sun and moon would be a great gun indeed in the old English arms of jolly Christmas.

In the meanwhile we wish our readers as much merriment as they may achieve without him, and we may perhaps venture to add a little to the general store of fun. We have made gallant provision for the pantomimes, prepared a rich galaxy of twelfth-night stars, and will promise as many plums in our pudding as dare any confectioner in the land.

And so be glad of heart, reader! and enjoy your feast, and God bless you. Bless your fresh season with gay, cordial, honest sociality—your country with prosperity—your poorer brethren with relief-ful content—bless your trade—your relaxation of holiday—your family—your affections, and your home. Bless your board with true friendship, your heart with true religion, your life with true happiness, and your young, laughing, chuckling, buoyant children with the beauty, lustre, and loveliness of sweet, unsullied health.

And now, if you are a good man, turn over our picture store of season tributes, and sing our merry ballad of old Christmas over a stirring wassail bowl of your own.



THE WESTMINSTER PLAYS.

At the request of the ambitious young scholars of the classic and venerable foundation at Westminister, as well as of many respected correspondents among their friends and connections, we have been induced to prepare an engraved episode of one of their representations of the Latin drama. These exhibitions, which afford a sort of classic holiday to the high-spirited youths of the school, and gather into their arena a host of interested spectators, among whom are often ranked many of the noble, the learned, and the distinguished in the land, yearly attract more of the attention of the public, and excite fresh emulation and enterprise in the minds of the scholars themselves. The representations, too, are much improved, and the appointments have progressed from their old discrepancies to something like dignity, elegance, and simplicity. As the engraving describes, they have now a neat stage, proscenium, scenery, with classical appliances, and due propriety of costume. The play selected for the recent performances, which terminated on Monday, was the

"Adelphi" of Terence, and the spirit, grace, and correctness, with which the *alumni* acquitted themselves in the parts allotted to them afforded general satisfaction and delight. We much doubt whether the comedies of Terence were ever spoken by the ancient Romans after the manner in which we are accustomed to revive them before the scholars of our own day, but once admitting the principle upon which they are now recited, we cannot conceive the recitation itself to be much more efficiently given than by the youths of the Westminister School. The episode of the "Adelphi" represented in our engraving is the scene between *Micio*, *Demea*, and *Æschinus* towards the termination of the fifth act.

The prologue and epilogue—usually, we believe, the compositions of the head-masters, were given with effect, but were not this year so racy as we have sometimes found them. They possess, however, both feeling and humour; and the regret, in the former of these exercises, at the absence of the "*amissum patrem*," who now lies

within the adjacent cloisters, is simply and touchingly expressed. Our recent victories in the East, also, are not less happily glanced at. In the epilogue, Dotheboy's Hall is touched off somewhat humorously, and some of the recent political measures are treated jocularly enough. The concluding appeal in favour of the ancient foundation, which was the scene of the performance, is clothed in elegant Latin, and was, as it could scarcely fail to be, received with the warmest enthusiasm on the part of an audience in which we remarked many persons eminent for their scholastic attainments and of high literary reputation. In conclusion, we can only repeat the extreme gratification these representations have afforded us, and allow the prologue (for the epilogue we have no room) to plead its cause with the public in *propriis personis*.

TERENTII ADELPHORUM.

PROLOGUS. 1842.

Intermissa diu quum Saturnalia rursus
Festaque in antiqua sint recolenda Domo;
Quid faciant pueri, quies luctu affusa recenti
Scena choram amissum clamat abesse Patrem?
Dignum etenim effremus cui nostra aula premanetur
Nunc iterum, et tacitis procubet umbra foris.
Ipse tamen, Roma Emilius quum fletet, "Adelphos,"
Quas habuit tumulo pretulit Afer opes;
Nec puduit Natum feralis tibia cantus
Quam daret, aduetsis dedoluisse joci.
Una etiam assidue scripsit, nec dulcis Alumnus
Dedecuit magnos scripta fovere Duces.
Tu quoque, care senex, tu, dum tibi vita manebat,
Tu comes, ingenio tu quoque fautor eras!
"Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Leli"
Convenit in titulos nomen utrumque tuos.
Scilicet is nobis labor est, ea gloria, Summis
Qui placeant populo posse placere Viris.
Quot sumus experti nuper discrimina rerum!
Funera que secum, quas tulit annus opes!
Bis modo facta parens, bis telo obnoxia Mater,
Ne careant probro secula nostra suo.
Jam novus Arsaciæ Pacorus se jactat in Aulâ,
Stratagema Barbarico proterit ossa solo;
Jam fugit, et foribus vexilla adfixa superbis
Tradidit Angliaco deripienda duci.
Nunc juga detrectant animosi in littore Seres,
Aurea vitricem nunc caput unda ratem.
Funera sunt ducenda tamen, Natumque receptum
Composit blandi Mater Etona sinu.
Vivitur, ah! tanquam in scenâ, ad partesque vocandi
Quisque suas, eheu! fabula quanta sumus!
Stare loco nescit vita, at mortua semper
Cursitat, humana non retinenda manu.
Qui canat Emilius cyncel ipse sepulchrum,
Exsequias vates precinuit ipse suas.
Vivite felices vosmet! suprema faventes
Plaudere quæ jubent vota, valere jubent.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The Paris papers of Saturday were chiefly occupied with dissertations on the subjoined official notification of the occupation of the archipelago of the Marquesas, in the Pacific, which we extract from the *Moniteur Universel*:—"On the 1st of May, 1842, Rear-admiral Dupetit Thouars, commanding the naval station in the Pacific Ocean, took possession, in the King's name, of the archipelago of the Marquesas. Rear-Admiral Dupetit-Thouars gives an account of this seizure (*prise de possession*) in the following report, addressed to Admiral Duperre, Minister of Marine and of Colonies:—

"Bay of Taiohae, June 25, 1842.—Monsieur l'Admiral,—I have the honour to inform your excellency, that the taking possession, in the name of the King and of France, of two groups forming the archipelago of the Marquesas, was this day happily effected. The recognition of his Majesty Louis Philippe, first, has been obtained by means of conciliation and persuasion, in conformity with your orders, and has been confirmed by authentic acts drawn up for the triple expedition. I add to these official documents the circumstantial report of the cruise of the frigate la Reine Blanche, from her sailing from Valparaiso, and that of all the events which took place for the acknowledgment of the King's sovereignty, and for the taking possession of the archipelago of the Marquesas—Accept, &c., A DUPETIT THOUARS."

A detailed report of this event has since appeared in the French journals, by which it appears that the rear-admiral who commanded the expedition occupied the island of Tahuata in the name of France, at the request of the native King or chief, in order to protect him from the consequences of an act of aggression against the Americans. What will the United States say to this excuse for the seizure? Taiohae was taken possession of on the 31st of May, when, in return for the tricoloured flag and other presents bestowed on the King thereof, his Polynesian Majesty made the Admiral a present of—pigs! "We have given the King," adds the Admiral, who is evidently a wag, "a red uniform, a pair of colonel's epaulettes, a shirt, and a pair of trowsers. He wears them with ease, and appears much gratified." The Admiral urges the necessity of keeping up a naval station at these islands, for disputes had, in fact, broken out with the new subjects. The Admiral lays great stress, however, on the approach to civilization of King Temoana, as he already condescended to wear shoes, and the Queen, who saw one of the sailors dressed up as a woman, in a dramatic performance, has asked for a similar dress: so the prospect was not quite so naked as might be imagined from this conquest. Nothing is stated in the official report of the intention of making the Marquesas a penal colony.

The following article in the correspondence of the *Augsburgh Gazette* refers to the above occupation:—"Fresh difficulties threaten to break out between our Government and the Cabinet of St. James's. You have read in the journals that a French squadron had taken possession of the Marquesas Islands in the Pacific Ocean. A cabinet courier from London has brought to M. Guizot explanations as to the object of this occupation. The reply, it is stated, was, that the French Government was still without official reports, and that before it could speak it must wait for them; but, although the news had been received from a private source, the Cabinet did not doubt its accuracy. It is affirmed that M. Guizot wished to prepare an agreeable surprise for the Chamber. It is also added that these islands are to serve as a place for transportation."

Reports of a Molé Ministry very current. Marshal Valée, in this proposed combination, is to be Minister of War, and M. de Salvandy, Minister of the Interior. Confidence, however, still reigns in the ministerial circles that M. Guizot's bold challenge for a vote of confidence in the debates on the royal speech will be attended with a triumph to the Ministry. Four cabinet councils

have been held as to whether his Majesty should open the Chambers in person, with a speech from the throne. The question has been decided in the affirmative, and the discourse will explicitly lay down, it is reported, all the foreign and domestic policy of the Cabinet, so as to afford the Opposition the opportunity of proposing amendments. M. Guizot will die nobly in the breach, if he is to die at present, which is doubtful, for his ministerial chances are regarded in diplomatic circles with unabated confidence. M. Thiers changes his mind, as usual, every twenty-four hours. Now he talks of aiding Count Molé to upset the Cabinet, and of giving his future support to the former. It seems pretty certain that M. Odilon Barrot will not coalesce for the future with M. Thiers, whose fraction of the Left Centre must incline to the Right, or Conservative side. M. Thiers admits openly that he has no chance of arriving at power at present.

In the Paris Papers on Sunday, Spanish affairs continued to be the leading topic of discussion, England being the staple commodity of abuse, and her "agent," as Espartero is called, coming in for no small share of vituperation from even the Liberal organs, of whom he was once the idol. The greatest inconsistency will be found to exist in the Parisian Press, in their mode of treating the events at Barcelona. The journalists argue the affair of the insurrection and subsequent bombardment, in total forgetfulness of the part played by France in her two revolutions, and of her subsequent line of conduct for the effectual maintenance of order in the interior.

It is announced that the Duke Decazes, Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, will bring an action against M. Cretineau Joly, for announcing the publication of eighty-three letters, alleged to have been addressed by the duke to an agent in Grenoble, to provoke the conspiracy of 1816.

A cabinet council was held on Saturday at Marshal Soult's hotel. The Duke of Nemours visited Count Molé and Marshal Valée; and on the same day Count Montalivet had a long audience of the King of the French, and M. Guizot had conferences with several political personages.

The French papers of Tuesday confirm the announcement of M. Casimir Perier's nomination as minister plenipotentiary to Hanover, in place of M. Martin, who has retired from public service.

The King and the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier visited Vincennes on Monday, where his majesty mounted on horseback and reviewed the troops of the garrison, after which he inspected the works of the fort; from thence he went to Saint-Maur and the fort of Charenton, after which the royal party got into their carriages and returned to the Tuileries. The king, in addition to the royal dukes, was accompanied by Marshal Soult, Generals Dode, T. Sebastiani, Rumigny, and Valaint, his aides-de-camp, Colonels Estissac, de Chabanne and Dumas, and his orderly officers. His majesty was repeatedly greeted by cries of "Vive le Roi!"

A letter from St. Denis (Isle of Bourbon), July 20, states, says the *Constitutionnel*, that two French corvettes had arrived there on their way to Madagascar, where they were going to join five other Government vessels that had taken possession of the island of Nosse-Bé. It was said that an expedition against Madagascar was seriously spoken of. At present we have only succeeded in occupying some points on the sea-shore, and for a length of time we have been cooped up in the island of Santa-Marie, which is moist and unwholesome. The Ovas, seconded by the English, who have neglected nothing to render abortive our attempts at colonisation, could not resist a vigorous and well-combined effort. The resources and advantages of all kinds which the island of Madagascar presents are immense. Its situation is excellent, and the soil fertile. It contains spacious and excellent harbours, where our navy would find a sure and easy shelter, whereas, at Bourbon, the harbours are half the year untenable.

The *Moniteur Parisien* contains a positive contradiction to one of the rumours that caused a decline in the funds, namely, that the Regent of Spain had demanded the recall of M. de Lesseps, the French Consul at Barcelona. From the tenor of the latest despatches at Madrid, there is every reason to believe that the Spanish Government will not persevere in the accusations it so hastily published against M. de Lesseps. It is one thing to accuse, and another to prove. Senor Gutierrez the political agent at Barcelona, to say the least, has been highly imprudent, and he will probably be dismissed by the Regent when his highness learns that Senor Gutierrez has been unable to substantiate his allegations against M. de Lesseps of fomenting the insurrection. On the other hand, it has been officially notified, that, whatever lengths journalism may go in Spain, the French Government will not tolerate any imputations on it from the head of the Spanish Executive, or from his official organs. M. Guizot has signified this fact to Senor Hernandez, the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires. Great excitement exists in Paris, and the war party seems to be in ecstasies at some alleged rupture between England and France. On Tuesday there was a remarkable Bourse. The Threes opened at 78f. 80c., and then fell rapidly to 78f. Rothschild's party then entered the lists to stop the panic, and by large purchases the Threes rallied to 78f. 40c., at which they closed, 45c. lower than Monday. The Fives opened at 119f. 25c., fell as low as 118f. 45c., and rallied to 118f. 80c., the last quotation. In the *Coulisses* the Threes are now at 78f. 45c.

There were warlike rumours of all kinds, but the most accredited reason given for the fall was that a Ministerial crisis will shortly take place.

By late advices from Barcelona we learn that Van Halen has ordered the contribution of £123,000 levied on Barcelona to be paid within three days.

M. Lesseps, the French consul, having had cognizance of the charges against him inserted in the *Madrid Official Gazette*, on the authority of Senor Gutierrez, the political chief of Barcelona, had addressed a strong protest to the Captain-General, denying *in toto* the allegations of Senor Gutierrez, and demanding satisfaction for the insult, by the dismissal of that functionary. If the political chief cannot substantiate his assertions, there can be no question that a signal reparation will be due to France.

SPAIN.—The *Moniteur* of Saturday publishes the following telegraphic despatch:—"Perpignan, Dec. 15.—Thirteen soldiers of the *Corpos Francos* were shot on the esplanade at Barcelona on the 12th. No Spaniard was allowed to leave the town."

The *Moniteur* has also the annexed announcement:—"By ordinance, dated the 16th, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, French consul at Barcelona, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the royal order of the Legion of Honour."

Our private letters from Paris of Saturday afternoon state that the relations between the French and Spanish Governments had assumed a very threatening attitude, owing to the accusations of Senor Gutierrez, the political chief of Barcelona, against M. Lesseps. "I have every reason to believe," adds our informant, "that a communication was made the day before yesterday, at the Foreign-office, to Senor Hernandez, the Spanish chargé d'affaires in Paris, that if the charges against the French consul were persisted in, and the language of the Spanish official journals respecting France were not changed, his passports would be delivered to him."

The following article in the *Débats* had created some sensation in Paris:—"The English press has not discovered any other means of justifying the pitiless neutrality of her Britannic Majesty's re-

presentative than in calumniating the conduct of the representative of France. A print, which has made itself the ready organ of the party rancour of the ex-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and which, besides, appears to be inspired on the present occasion from sources existing nearer to ourselves (the *Chronicle*), contains a most violent accusation against our consul at Barcelona. As we are as anxious as any person that the truth should come to light—as we are convinced that it is not the French Government that can lose in having the causes, whatever they may be, of the insurrection of Barcelona brought clearly to view—we shall give the article of the *Chronicle*, without even cutting away certain expressions which affect only those who have employed them. The English journal states grave facts, but we do not think ourselves obliged to place faith in its assertions; and in considering from what source it has drawn its pretended information, we are exceedingly disposed to believe the contrary of what it affirms. A light will be thrown over all these matters; the calumnious recriminations which the Spanish authorities already allow themselves cannot remain without reply. *Explanations must be given, and it must be fairly known on which side have been intrigue, ingratitude, and on which a too-enduring patience—the patience of a neighbouring Government, having peculiar claims upon Spain.* We are convinced that the falsehood of the facts asserted and commented on by the *Chronicle* will be easily demonstrated."

Our dates from Madrid are to the eve of the 11th. The official organ, the *Patriota*, formally contradicts the assertions of the Christina journals, that the English ships of war had assisted in the bombardment of Barcelona. "This news," it says, "is entirely false."

The *Madrid Gazette* publishes the following report from the political chief of Barcelona to the Minister of the Interior:—"After the favourable reaction, the result of which was the dissolution of the revolutionary junta, and the embarkation of its members, and after the rabble called the *patules* had been disarmed, there followed another reaction from the conduct of the French consul, who landed the revolutionary junta, and all the men who had promoted the rebellion. The revolutionists assembled anew in the course of yesterday, many of the National Guards quitted the town, leaving it at the mercy of banditti. These commenced by raising the standard of Christina, and ended by plundering the streets called Ancha and Las Platerias. Finding the city in this deplorable condition, given up to Vandalism, fomented by the Moderados and the French consul, orders were given to open the bombardment," &c.

Two battalions of the National Guards of Seville, on the night of the 5th, got up an *émeute* to demand the withdrawal of the garrison, but the authorities proclaimed martial law, and the next day order was quite restored.

The Madrid mail of the 13th, and letters to the eve of the 14th, have arrived.

The Ministerial *Patriota* has the annexed article:—"A journal has announced, and others have copied, the statement that a cotton treaty was signed last week. This news is false. The Government, before taking any resolution on this question, will consult the necessities of the nation. It has also been stated that ten British ships of the line stationed at Malta had received orders to sail to Barcelona, probably for its bombardment. This news is ridiculous. The ships, of whatever nation that may have received orders to sail to Barcelona, are there only for the protection of the subjects of the respective flags, and it only appertains to our Government to inquire into and appreciate the causes of foreign forces in one of our ports."

The *Madrid Official Gazette* comments on the importance of the address of congratulation to Espartero from the Saragossa Militia, after the surrender of Barcelona, as evincing the sense of the country in the approval of the Regent's conduct. "The address," adds the *Gazette*, "which emanates from pure and conservative liberalism, will find an echo throughout Spain, and is an answer to the outcries of the Opposition press, and their assertions as to the anarchy and grief which the bombardment, as they falsely assert, had caused."

The Fives on the Madrid Exchange on the 14th were done at 25 15-16 cash; 26½ sixty days; and the Threes 22 sixty days. Exchange on London, ninety days, 37½.

The *Messenger* of Tuesday night has the annexed telegraphic despatch:—"Barcelona, Dec. 15.—Two thousand men, one half of whom are soldiers, are working at the reconstruction of the citadel. A war contribution of three millions of francs (£120,000) has been imposed on Barcelona, and must be paid within three days. The city will be bound to furnish its contingent for the recruitment for the years of 1840, 1841, and 1842. Espartero is still at Sarria. The thirteen soldiers shot on the esplanade of the citadel were drawn by lot from those who were arrested after the entrance of the Captain-General."

An important communication was received in town, on Wednesday evening, from Constantinople, announcing a serious misunderstanding between the court of St. Petersburg and the Sublime Porte, on the Servian question. The Emperor of Russia, in an autograph letter to the Sultan, had formally demanded the revocation of the decree in favour of the present ruler in Servia, and the re-establishment of the banished Prince Michael, in whose family, Russia contends, the sovereignty of Servia is invested for ever, by virtue of a firman of the late Sultan Mahmoud. The Porte, in its reply, has declared that no treaties had been infringed, and that the privileges of the Servians had been properly regarded in the course pursued by the Porte, which positively declined to revoke the hatti-sheriff. The Russian Envoy, on the receipt of this note, replied that he regretted to have to announce to the Emperor the Porte's unfavourable answer, and that he still hoped it would be modified. To this it has been rejoined by the Ottoman minister, that the Sultan was immutable. It was not believed in Constantinople that an appeal to arms would follow this state of affairs, as Russia hoped to obtain the support of the European powers in arbitrating between her and the Porte.

THE WEST INDIA MAILS.—The Royal Mail steamer Tweed, Franklin Commander, arrived at Falmouth on Tuesday morning, with the West India and Mexican mails. Her dates of departure are as follows:—Jamaica, 18th of November; Cuba, 19th ditto; St. Thomas, 24th ditto; and Bermuda, 30th ditto. She experienced very boisterous weather on her passage, and in consequence of a heavy gale of wind was unable to communicate with Fayal. She has on freight 60,000 dollars, 11 passengers, and 45 bales of cochineal, and left the following vessels at St. Thomas's:—Royal Mail steamers Tay (with mails from England of the 3rd of November), Thames, Dee, and Trent, and the Lifsey schooner; her Majesty's ship Scylla, Captain Sharp, and the Montezuma war-steamer, destined for Mexican service. Her Majesty's ship Charlybdis sailed from Port Royal, for England, on the 17th of November, with the crew of the Spitfire steamer (which had been wrecked), and a considerable freight of specie. Her Majesty's ships Imaum and Magnificent were at Port Royal. Her Majesty's ship Illustrious, Admiral Sir Charles Adam, from Halifax, in tow of the Carron steamer, was obliged to slip the warps, in consequence of strong head winds in the narrows off Catherine's point. The Tweed passing at the time, her services were put into requisition, and she took the ship in tow, and brought her to Bermuda in safety. The following are the names of the passen-

gers per Tweed:—Mrs. Davis, Mr. Nunez; Mr. Gladson, Mr. Dempster; Lieutenant Hannant, Mr. Gordon, Captain Cox, Mr. Page, Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Huggins, and Mr. Coudry.

COUNTRY NEWS.

APPREHENSION OF A GANG OF COINERS IN BRIGHTON.—Charles Dench, George Tugwell, Mary Moon, and Ellen Wynn, were brought before Major Allen and Sir G. Westphal, the sitting Magistrates at the Town-hall, charged with coinage. From the evidence of Mr. Solomon, the chief officer, and Mr. Superintendent White, it appeared that they proceeded to the residence of the prisoners in Thomas-street, Brighton; Mr. White proceeded up stairs and broke the door open. Before doing so, he heard some person say, "Who is this coming up stairs?" The prisoners were in great confusion, and Tugwell was at the window. On the table was a quantity of wet sand used in burnishing, a small file, a spoon, some plaster of Paris, and metal, the whole of which were produced. Several witnesses were examined, who proved picking up eight counterfeit half-crowns and one shilling, which were thrown out of the window at the time the door was forced open. The female prisoners were also identified by several tradesmen as having passed bad money on them. During the examination the prisoners conducted themselves in the most outrageous manner, setting the magistrates at defiance, and declaring they would be the death of some of the witnesses. Dench and Tugwell are old offenders, and have only been out of gaol about ten days. Dench was tried at the last sessions, for passing bad coin and acquitted, and Tugwell, who has been previously convicted, was admitted as Queen's evidence in a case of robbery in which his companions were sentenced to transportation. They were fully committed to take their trial.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—AFFRAY WITH POACHERS.—Between one and two o'clock on Sunday morning last, the 18th instant, a desperate gang of six or seven poachers, all armed with guns, attacked the preserve of Michael Gough, Esq., of North Kilworth House, Leicestershire. Mr. Gough having been called up by one of his lookers-out, shortly before one o'clock, and apprised of what was about to take place, immediately sallied forth with his servants and his youngest son in pursuit of the poachers, Mr. and Mr. Arthur Gough taking the upper, and the servants the lower end of a long plantation, where they had not long been stationed before the poachers approached in a regular line, entered the covert, and at the first shot brought down a brace of pheasants. The watchers immediately sprung up, rushed upon the poachers, one of whom, after a violent struggle, they succeeded in capturing, by disabling him in attempting to discharge his gun at them. Upon hearing the report of the gun, the shouts, and the scuffling, Mr. and Mr. A. Gough hastened to the assistance of the servants, but in their way came in contact with another of the poachers, whom they instantly seized, but the man was so powerful and resolute, that they had the utmost difficulty in retaining him; he drew a double-barrelled gun from his pocket which, fortunately, was in two parts; it was loaded, and had caps on; upon which Mr. Gough declared, that the moment he attempted to use the gun he would plunge the sword (with which he was armed) through his body; and although the man swore that he would neither be taken nor part with his gun, except with the loss of his life, they ultimately succeeded in dragging him to the house, where he and his companion were kept in custody during the night, and on Monday morning were committed, by J. A. Arnold, Esq., and the Rev. Thomas Belgrave, to Leicester gaol, for trial. The rest of the gang, it is expected, will be shortly apprehended.

LIVERPOOL.—COURT OF BANKRUPTCY.—A case came before the Liverpool Court of Bankruptcy last week, involving some of the most peculiar circumstances that have ever been presented to the public, and which Mr. Commissioner Phillips, before whom the proceedings were exhibited, described as one of the most extraordinary, as well as the most difficult, instances that ever came before that or any other court. The bankrupt, in this instance, is a person of the name of Hall, formerly a grocer, at Warrington, and a man reputed to have been well educated, and to have strong religious tendencies. It appears that, in the month of September 1841, the bankrupt absconded from Warrington, and was subsequently discovered to have sailed for America, leaving his affairs perfectly unprotected, but without any effects available to his creditors, either from a secret disposition of them prior to leaving, or by some fraudulent negotiations with other parties, for the purpose of keeping the proceeds from his creditors. The bankrupt's father-in-law took possession of the books, and has retained them up to the present inquiry, and they are stated by the bankrupt himself to be so mutilated as to be of little or no service in making out his balance-sheet, or presenting even an ordinary statement of his assets and obligations. On the bankrupt's arrival in America, he solicited and obtained an appointment as clerk in a grocery store, where he evinced creditable talents, and both activity and vigilance, for the period of a twelvemonth, as described by his master in his advertisement of the robbery in the different American journals. On the 19th of June, in the following year, he absconded from the house of his master at Brooklyn, in the state of New York, taking with him 4950 dollars, the moneys of his employer, in Texian treasury notes and specie of different denominations. It was supposed he had taken the route to Baltimore, and an active pursuit was taken in that direction; but although every means was consulted that the best authorities and the most practised assistants could devise, the search proved fruitless—all trace of him being extinguished for a month or more. Shortly afterwards the bankrupt appears to have had some connection with a Mr. Thomas Montfort, in South Boston, from whom he also absconded, taking with him 1200 dollars, current money of the state. Mr. Montfort immediately advertised the prisoner, offering a reward of 300 dollars for his apprehension, but without effect. The bankrupt contrived to elude the vigilance of the police in the United States, and nothing more was heard from him until information was received that he had been seen at his old haunts at Warrington, England. His accusers lost no time in memorializing the United States' Consulate of the felony, who, with the assistance of an intelligent police-officer (Jones), took the prisoner into custody, seizing, at the same time, a large amount of notes of the Texian Bank, before any messenger from the Court of Bankruptcy was apprised of his return. The bankrupt was brought up before the magistrates at Warrington, to answer the charge of the felony preferred against him, from his American prosecutors, by attorney; but the case was so beset with difficulties, in consequence of the indeterminate relations between the two countries on the point of arrest, that recourse was had, by Colonel Aspinwall, the United States' Consulate, and also by Mr. Nicholson, clerk to the magistrates at Warrington, to Sir J. Graham for advice in prosecuting the examination, which proved ultimately an affair of so much difficulty as to cause a recommendation by Sir J. Graham of an abandonment of the case—a recommendation which was instantly followed by the release of the prisoner, but not of a restitution of the property, either to the prisoner himself or to the parties deputed by the assignees under his estate for their joint behoof. The bankrupt's affairs have now been brought into the New District Court for final hearing, and the bankrupt surrendered him-

self, the 42nd day having expired, which is the limit prescribed by the statute to prevent an outlawry. Some strong statements were made by Mr. Nicholson, who was present, affecting the truth of the bankrupt's statements of his poverty; this gentleman asserting that he had good grounds for believing that he (the bankrupt) had some reserved funds, a statement which the learned commissioner received with his usual caution, and with much good feeling, and in the best possible taste, recommended the bankrupt, if he were privy to any concealment, at once to disclose it, and save himself from the painful consequences prescribed for such offences. The question now before the court is, as to the disposition of the money in the possession of the officer, who has detained it hitherto upon the priority of a criminal over a civil process; there being put in before the court a certificated copy of theft. This case deserves considerable interest, as being the latest evidence of the state of the international law between this country and America, and affords a tolerable presentment that something is likely to arise out of these negotiations favourable to the interests of both nations in the exercise of public justice, in a reciprocal determination that those who, by the violation of their obligations to society, have rendered themselves amenable to a criminal tribunal, shall not by a false, shallow, and abstract right of mere citizenship, be suffered to elude the consequences of their offences. The court was crowded with professional gentlemen, and the utmost interest was manifested as to the manner in which the examination would terminate. The money sized from the bankrupt by the police-officer still remains in his possession, no order having been given to the messenger to take it for the benefit of the bankrupt's creditors.

NORFOLK.—STRANGE STORY.—Messrs. Culley, of Cossey, have lately built a dilling boat, and employed men to take the soil from the bottom of the river in front of their mills. A few days since these men found a human skeleton, and a coroner's inquest has since been held. It appears that about nine years ago a Jew, whose name was said to be Abrams, visited Taversham in the course of his trade, sold some small articles, for which he gave credit to the purchasers, and left the public-house there in the evening, on his way to the Lion, at Drayton (the next village), with, as now reported, a sum of £90 in his possession. At Drayton he disappeared, nor did he ever again come to claim the amount due to him at Taversham. Some time afterwards a man named Page was apprehended for sheep-stealing, tried and sentenced to be transported for life. During his imprisonment he told divers stories of robberies and crimes, most of which turned out to be false. But, amongst other things, he wrote a letter, promising that if he were released from gaol and brought to Cossey, "he would show them that, from under the willow-tree, which would make every hair in their heads rise up." The man was not released, but the river was drawn, and some sheep's skins and sheep's heads were found, which were considered to be the objects Page alluded to. From under this willow-tree, however, the skeleton has been fished up by the dillers, and it is said there is proof that the corpse was fixed down by a muck-crome. The common belief in the neighbouring villages is, that these are the bones of the missing Jew, and that Page knew of the murder, if he were not an accomplice. The magistrates, we understand, believe that they have obtained a clue to the murderers, and have been, and still are, earnestly engaged in pursuing the discovery.

SURREY.—SUPPOSED INCENDIARISM.—On Tuesday evening, between five and six o'clock, great excitement was created in the village of Lower Morden, in the county of Surrey, in consequence of a fire of a very extensive nature breaking out on the premises belonging to William York, farmer, &c., situate in the above village, and known as Peacock Farm. The premises in question were of immense magnitude, and occupied an area of ground of several acres. A great portion of the ground was set apart as rick-yards, and when the fire was discovered it was raging in two stacks of wheat which stood in the centre of the ground, amongst a great number of other ricks. The firemen, finding that all efforts to save the two ricks were useless, directed their exertions towards saving the adjoining ones, which were several times in imminent danger. About four hours after the outbreak the two ricks, with their valuable contents, were entirely consumed, and considerable damage done to the adjoining ones by the fire and smoke. The total loss, it is expected, will exceed £2000.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Dec. 12.—A horrible murder was yesterday discovered to have been committed in the vicinity of Dublin, and much interest is excited by the circumstance of its having occurred in nearly the same spot where Galibardo, the Italian boy, was murdered. The victim of this shocking outrage was a young man, apparently about twenty-five, whose name is unknown. The body was found between six and seven in the morning, at the lime-kiln at Classon's bridge, Miltown; the throat was cut from ear to ear, and the body otherwise mutilated; the feet were burned, and had other marks of violence.

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH.—Another to the many instances on record of the uncertainty of life occurred at Magherafelt on Tuesday night last. The subject of this sudden change from time to eternity was the Rev. Thomas Burgoyne, an exemplary and respected clergyman of the Established Church, and son of the late Sir John J. Burgoyne, of Strabane. On the evening of the day in question he and his lady arrived at Mr. McFall's hotel, in Magherafelt, where they intended stopping for the night. It appears that he had been complaining for some time previously of what he conceived to be a cold, but on that evening he felt tolerably well, and was quite cheerful in his manner, and retired to rest without manifesting any symptoms of indisposition. About twelve o'clock at night, however, he was taken dangerously ill, and two of the resident doctors were immediately called in, who used every exertion to repel the attack, but in vain—he expired about three o'clock, a.m. His demise has created a deep and melancholy sensation throughout Magherafelt, and as far as the mournful intelligence was heard. He was a young man, not having, it is supposed, completed his 30th year; and shortly before the event seemed, to human appearance, destined for a long career in the ministry.

DEATH OF VICE-ADMIRAL EVANS.—The Cork papers announce the death of Mr. Henry Evans, Vice-Admiral of the Red, who expired at his residence at Oldtown, in the county of Cork, on the 13th instant, after a long and painful illness.

DEANERY OF ST. PATRICK'S.—The *Dublin Evening Mail* states, "on competent authority," that the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Pakenham, Archdeacon of Emly, and brother-in-law of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, has accepted the deanery of St. Patrick's, in succession to Dr. Daly, now Bishop of Cashel.

RAILROAD COMMUNICATION THROUGH NORTH WALES, BETWEEN LONDON AND DUBLIN.—On Saturday a deputation, consisting of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir Edward Borough, Bart. (high sheriff), Sir John Burke, Bart., Sir J. Kingston James, Bart., Frederick Ponsonby, Esq., Edward Grogan, Esq., M.P., and Messrs. Pim, Perry, Haliday, M. Mullen, &c., waited upon his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, for the purpose of conveying to him the resolutions adopted at a public meeting of the citizens of Dublin, which was held a short time since, and of calling his excellency's attention to the vast importance in all points of view of this great

national object, and upon the consideration of which a select committee of the House of Commons had been for some months engaged during the course of the session. His excellency received the deputation in the most affable and gracious manner, entered into the merits of the proposed communication with great and lively interest, and expressed his readiness at all times, and by all the means in his power, to forward so important and truly national an object.

SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW.—We are pained to state that murder (the murder of a wife by her own husband) was perpetrated at Glasgow on Saturday afternoon, under the following circumstances:—Between one and two o'clock a man named Charles M'Kay, who was in the employment of a ham-curer in the city, and resided in the house of a Mrs. Tinney, or M'Kenzie, in the old Wynd, disagreed with his wife, and while she was standing at the window he seized a ham-knife and stabbed her in the left leg, nearly at the groin. The wounded woman immediately fell on the floor, and never spoke afterwards. M'Kay is in custody.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

ORDINATION.—At a general ordination holden by his Grace the Archbishop of York, at Bishopsthorpe, the following gentlemen were admitted into holy orders:—Deacons of Oxford: Shadwell Morley Barkworth, B.A., Worcester College; Richard Franklin Wright, B.A., St. John's College. Deacons of Cambridge: Walter Scott Dumergue, B.A., Corpus Christi College; Benjamin Eamonson Metcalfe, B.A., Sydney Sussex College; William Twyne, B.A., Magdalen College. Literate: John Wallis Heslop, Priest, of Oxford: Rev. George Antrobus, B.A., Brasenose College. Priests of Cambridge: Rev. Henry Deck, B.A., Corpus Christi College; Rev. Julian Robinson, B.A., Jesus College; Rev. Walter Mitchell, B.A., Queen's College; Rev. Baldwin Wake, B.A., St. John's College. Priests of Dublin: Rev. Frederick Hayden, B.A., Trinity College. Priest of Durham: Rev. William Sweeting, B.A., University College. Priest of St. David's College, Lampeter: Rev. Samuel Danby. Priest of St. Bee's College: Rev. Henry Frederick Huggill.

The Lord Bishop of Durham has been pleased to institute the Rev. Thomas Holmes, M.A., head master of Kirkby Ravensworth Grammar School, to the Vicarage of East Cowton, near Northallerton, on the presentation of the Warden and Brethren of St. John's Hospital, Kirkby Ravensworth.

On Monday the fine new Gothic church, recently completed in Gordon-street, Gordon-square, New-road, St. Pancras, was consecrated by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London. His lordship, after going through the ceremony of consecrating the sacred edifice, subsequently preached an eloquent and impressive sermon to a numerous congregation from the 10th chapter of St. Luke, and 18th verse. The church provides accommodation for upwards of 1400 persons. It was greatly wanted in the parish, and was built by voluntary subscriptions.

At a general ordination held by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the following gentlemen were admitted into holy orders, viz.:—Deacons—E. H. Ballard, B.A., Wadham, Oxon; L. Carden, B.A., University, Oxon; C. Cripps, B.A., Magdalen Hall, Oxon; E. J. G. Hasluck, B.A., Pembroke, Oxon; H. C. Key, B.A., Christ Church, Oxon; R. C. Pattenson, B.C.L., St. Mary Hall, Oxon; A. C. Rowley, B.A., Wadham, Oxon; B. Webb, B.A., Trinity, Cambridge; J. G. Young, B.A., Trinity, Cambridge; R. N. D. Browne, Literate (by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Llandaff); E. East, B.A., Magdalen Hall, Oxon; J. H. Griffin, B.A., New Inn Hall, Oxon; D. Morgan, scholar of St. David's, Lampeter; and T. Tudball, B.A., Emanuel, Cambridge (by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Bath and Wells). Priests—W. G. S. Addison, M.A., Magdalen Hall, Oxon; H. J. Bolland, M.A., Trinity, Cambridge; R. Champenowne, M.A., Christ Church, Oxon; T. Debay, B.A., Lincoln, Oxon; R. M. Hutchins, B.A., Trinity, Cambridge; R. Inchbald, B.A., St. John's, Cambridge; W. Joy, M.A., Trinity, Cambridge; T. P. Little, B.A., Trinity, Oxon; J. S. Money, B.A., Emanuel, Cambridge; F. Palmer, M.A., Trinity, Cambridge; C. Philips, B.A., Trinity, Cambridge; W. T. Preedy, B.A., St. John's, Cambridge; R. A. Pritchard, S.C.L., Magdalen Hall, Oxon; W. H. Roach, B.A., Pembroke, Cambridge; W. Stephens, a literate person; J. C. Turnbull, B.A., Trinity, Cambridge; E. M. Macfarlane, B.A., Lincoln, Oxon; E. Machen, B.A., Exeter, Oxon; H. J. Marshall, B.A., Corpus Christi, Oxon; G. F. Master, B.A., University, Oxon; C. W. A. Napier, B.A., Christ Church, Oxon; W. F. Neville, B.A., Magdalen, Cambridge; J. C. Smith, B.A., Trinity, Dublin; and H. P. Wright, B.A., St. Peter's, Cambridge (by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Bath and Wells.)

ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The revival of our ancient parochial church architecture is a subject which occupies much attention at the present time; and after three centuries of demolition and neglect, the solemn structures raised by our Catholic ancestors are being gradually restored to somewhat of their original appearance. The most recent, and one of the most complete, of these restorations is that of the Temple Church, which we noticed some time ago. It is pleasing to observe that such buildings, which, a few years since, were considered unsightly and barbarous erections, are now become the theme of general eulogy, and recommended as models for imitation to our modern ecclesiastical architects; for glorious, magnificent, and edifying as were the great cathedral and abbatial churches—wonderful monuments of piety and zeal—we cannot turn to them in present circumstances as objects of imitation. To rival them is totally out of the question; to produce a meagre and reduced copy would be little better than caricaturing past glories. There is a peculiar interest pertaining to these old Catholic parish churches of England—each is, so to speak, the history of the adjacent county; the family chantry, with its baronial monuments and heraldic bearings, the churchman's brass, the crusader's tomb, the peasant's cross, the storied windows, are all evidences of a long series of men and events, and valuable indeed are the national records furnished by many of even the humblest churches of our land, and even now, despoiled as they are, still there is a traditional reverence for these monuments of ancient piety left among the people. To the poet, the village spires, the church bells, the old porches, the venerable yew trees, the old grey towers, have all their "sweet uses;" while to the less highly gifted—to those engaged in the strife and turmoil of this busy world—those sights and sounds are rife with pleasant recollections.

Our especial province, as journalists, being to bring before the public everything new and of general interest, relatively either to the external embellishment of our land or the social events of our age, both of which have an obvious bearing on the national character—the former as illustrative of the state and progress of the loftier arts, which indicate the intellectual phases of society; the latter as more profoundly indicative of the stirring of the national mind in its deeper recesses—we give the two illustrations and details which are here presented to the reader wholly without reference to the peculiar object of the building described, or the



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inferences which may be deemed deducible from its erection at the present period—whether it be viewed as a focal point of Catholicism in the metropolis, or as a mere ordinary resource to meet the requirements of an existent body of religionists.

In London it has been long a matter of reproach to the Catholic body, that even what are termed the fashionable chapels are less

imposing and more inconvenient than many Protestant chapels of ease; so ill constructed as to arrangement, as to expose the sacred mysteries to unnecessary interruptions and publicity; so confined in their dimensions, that not a tenth part of the people can squeeze themselves in. The Catholics are at last stirring themselves to procure a better order of things, and their first step in advance is worthy

of all praise. The idea of the present structure we believe originated with the Rev. Mr. Doyle, in consequence of the expiration of the lease of the Belgian chapel in the London-road. The execution of it was entrusted to Welby Pugin, Esq., a gentleman who, both by precept and example, has done much to vindicate the high principles of art.

The new Catholic Cathedral stands at St. George's-cross, being the intersection of St. George's-road and the Lambeth-road. It was commenced on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1840, and is now well advanced, though the works have not been progressing with the required rapidity for some months past, owing to the state of the weather and to a deficiency of funds. The style of the building is decorated of the period of Edward the Third, perhaps the palmiest period of our architectural history, and to which are referable many of those sumptuous abbeys and magnificent cathedrals which still remain the pride of our land—when, as some compensation to our humiliated neighbours, then smarting under the disasters of Cressy, we could afford to give them those enduring memorials of our genius which have since conferred a world-renowned celebrity on Abbeville, Amiens, and Rouen. Its total length is 240 feet; width, 70 feet; south aisle, 19 feet 6 inches; north, ditto ditto; chancel, 31 feet. The height from the nave floor to the apex of the roof is 57 feet 3 inches. The ground on which the tower stands occupies a space of 32 feet square, and the buttresses extend 4 feet 6 inches beyond. The tower is surmounted by a spire of peculiar lightness and beauty, which, when completed, will measure 317 feet. A crest of very elegant form overtops the ridge of the roof throughout the whole length of the building. The material used is generally Caen bricks, of a yellow colour, of great hardness, made at Ware, in Hertfordshire; the windows, doorways, &c., being of Combe Down stone. In the interior there will be a great quantity of carved-work, principally of stone; among which, a Gothic baptismal font of great beauty will be conspicuous. There will be some oak carvings about the chancel, which will be divided from the nave by a richly-carved oak screen, and will be ascended from the outside by two spiral staircases, terminating in high turrets, containing bells. In the manner of the Continental churches, there will be no pews, but two-thirds of the floor will be fitted with open benches, and the floors of both chapels and chancels will be laid with encaustic tiles of various patterns. There is no ornamental plaster work whatever in this building, all the ornaments being carved either in stone or oak, without repetition of design; and the whole of the roofs and walls are intended to be enriched with painting and gilding. Immediately over the great window of the tower, blocks of stone are built in the wall, for the purpose of carving, at some future period, the Last Judgment, as it may be seen in most old churches. By the munificence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the great window of the chancel will be fitted with stained glass, representing the genealogy of our Lord. We understand that a convent for the Sisters of Mercy is to be added, together with spacious sacristies, houses for the clergy, and parochial schools for both sexes.

The report that the Pope of Rome has largely contributed to the erection of this edifice is, we hear, totally without foundation. The church has been built in reality by the pence of the poor.

POPULAR PORTRAITS.—No. XIV.

CHARLES BULLER, M.P.

The subject of our present sketch was one of the politicians born of the struggle that preceded the carrying of the Reform Bill. Very few whose political existence dates from that stormy and excited period have attained so eminent a position, particularly when it is considered that it has been gained exclusively in the House of Commons, an arena where the judges of ability are many of them also competitors for the same prize or prizes—power, for the sake of power only, or place, for the sake of profit, as the case may be—and not likely to apply an ordinary standard to the “rising young men” who occasionally make their way into the assembly of the collective wisdom. It is no trifling acknowledgment of Mr. Buller's powers as a debater, when we find all parties alike confessing his abilities; though a very large section is politically bound to deplore the application he makes of them. He came into Parliament an unknown man; the mere fact of his being a barrister not being sufficient to insure him much consideration. At the bar he was without a name—by the public he had never been heard of—in the House of Commons he was untried. This was in 1830; and now, after a lapse of twelve years, the bar derives lustre from the association of his name, the public recognise in him an able and upright politician, and the members of “the house” listen to his speeches as to those of a man from whom something may always be gained, either of amusement or information. His style of speaking is rather the conversational, than that elevated manner which has become associated with our ideas of oratory. He stands at the table of the house, and addresses the Ministerial benches as if the occupiers were his very dear and familiar friends, to whom he was telling some very good story, in which they themselves figure as the principal personages, not always with the best possible result to their own characters as law-makers. There he stands, turning their fallacies inside out, and piercing a solemn pomposity with a keen, sharp rally, which not only throws the opposition into a united and corporate fit of laughter, but, *mirabile dictu*, not seldom makes the victims of his playful satire join in the laugh against themselves. This could not be done by an ill-natured man, or if the things themselves were said in an ill-natured manner, for no one laughs at the exhibition of malice, however it is disguised. Notwithstanding the severe hits he deals out on the Conservative members in general, and the county members in particular—whom he doth especially take a pride to gird at—we feel confident there is not a man in the house who would not bear testimony, if required, to the member for Liskeard being a real good fellow; and though he has in him a wicked turn for the satiric, and, at times, is rather sharp on the country gentlemen, yet the wounds of his wit never rankle; his weapon sparkles brightly enough, and he can use it in a rapid and touch-and-go style, but it carries no poison on its edge. If pinked to-day, there are no after heart-burnings on either side, and there is no objection to meet on the same terms to-morrow; in fact, the process is rather agreeable than otherwise. Of solid, stolid declamation, of portentous prosing, and of deep searchings into the storehouse of facts, with which statistics and political economy have afflicted the world, there is at all times more than enough; dull excessively are the many dealers in such matters, who bestow their tediousness on the house with a most unsparing liberality. There is, then, something to be greeted and welcomed in one who can, as Charles Buller does, breathe something like life into the dry bones of facts, by eliciting principles from them of general application—who can place his opinions in striking lights, embellish them with always apt and often happy illustration, and who can clothe all things, whether opinion, principle, fact, or illustration, in graceful and fluent language, though it may be occasionally wanting in force and emphasis. It is delightful to see such a speaker overturning a ponderous absurdity with a rapid back-stroke of wit, or transfixing a fallacy with the point of an epigram, putting his opponent into a parenthesis, which exposes him to the laughter of all men, sometimes, as we before stated, even to his own. There is another quality which may occasionally be detected in Charles Buller; he has in his composition a latent love of mischief—that is, he has no



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Sort of objection to seeing a quarrel going on between two of his opponents; and if ever such an affair is in progress—if it is “a very pretty quarrel as it stands”—it is ten to one that it draws no nearer a settlement by his interference. He continues in the most accidental and delightfully careless manner possible to say something on both sides which widens the breach; or if the flames seem cooling down, a judicious stir of the embers at the right moment sets all in a blaze again, till one, or what is still better, both the parties have made themselves ridiculous, to the great outward chuckling and inward satisfaction of the lookers on. But, notwithstanding this very praiseworthy disposition for fun, Charles Buller must not be mistaken for the mere wittling or sayer of smart things: he is a man of high principle and honourable conduct. As he entered Parliament, so he remains. When Lord Durham was sent to Canada, Mr. Buller accompanied him, and, as his secretary, assisted in drawing up the celebrated “Report” on the state of affairs in that colony. He was afterwards made Secretary of the Board of Control, the only strictly Government office he ever held. Mr. Buller is very tall, slight, and by no means compactly put together: he has also a slight halt in his gait. In describing his features, regular would be the last adjective applied to them; but there is a cheerful, good-tempered, and winning expression in his face which speaks much for his disposition. He is a member of the Cornish family of the Bullers, different branches of which inherit large properties in that county. A near relative of the honourable gentleman has a seat in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, and on his influence he first entered Parliament for that borough. His own qualities, however, keep him in his seat, for he is much and most deservedly admired by his constituents, who by their choice merit their place among the most intelligent political bodies in the kingdom. The influence of the Kekewich family has frequently



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES BULLER, M.P.

been used against him at elections, but always in vain. He is very strong on the hustings, where he “comes out” with great effect, being less under restraint than in the House: some of his speeches on these occasions are rich in the extreme; there is a sort of chivalrous personal attachment to him among the electors, and the enthusiasm with which they support him is unbounded. He is said to be an occasional writer in the *Globe* newspaper, and there is no doubt, from other evidence, that he can use his pen with ability and effect. His practice at the bar is limited, but his name may occasionally be seen in connection with causes. He was engaged a very short time ago in an appeal case from the native courts of India to the House of Lords.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

What spot in all broad England richer in associations than Sherwood—“merrie, right merrie Sherwood!” It is one of the very birth-places of English lyric lore and ballad historie, and the utterance of the word conjures a thousand memories of old rhymes, which linger still a lasting recollection,—and snatches of quaint ditties, which earliest learned are latest forgotten, spring to the lips. Not a boy in all England “but he of Robin Hood hath heard,” the “English ballad-singer’s joy,”—the joyous, roystering, generous, manly, open-hearted, sturdy, “bold Robin Hood.” He who outwitted all the shrieves, and fought foot to foot, with stout quarter-staff, all the renowned rural heroes which midland England could produce—who robbed the rich but gave to the poor—who, with the bluffest and jolliest of all friars, Friar Tuck; the fairest, blythest, bonniest, truest, of all maidens, Maid Marian; the tallest and boldest of all foresters, Little John; and the choicest and bravest of all free companions, Will Scatlock, George-a-Green, Much, the miller’s son, and Will Stutely—not to forget the sorrowful Allan-a-Dale—held a foresters’ court, as a true forester’s should, under the broad shadow of old Sherwood’s bravest oak. And in good sooth and sober philosophy there was but small difference in those days, when

The only rule and simple plan
Was, he may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can,

between Robin Hood and his brother freebooters, the feudal barons, save in this fact, that they held their bands within the stone walls of some moated keep, and Robin held his in the open forest—the green, springy turf for his audience-floor, and the blue sky for his canopy.

Sherwood Forest! At bare mention of the words, all the bold band live again. Robin, “yclad in Lincoln-green,” with maid Marian, and Friar Tuck—the priest gaily descending on the virtues of venison pasty—and Little John just placing a cloth-yard shaft, and Will Scatlock sportively measuring his quarter-staff with Allan-a-Dale, and a knot of the “merrie men” breaking one of the King’s deer, and others plying bill-hook and whittle upon dead branches and dry whins to enkindle the ready flame and dress their venison. And afar off is heard the distant chime of a bell;—it swings in the tower of a goodly abbey, which a contrite king had raised in hope that Heaven would thereby forgive a heavy murder he had caused to be done. And the bell calls the black Canons of Augustine to prayer, to pray for the sins of the king—of the second Henry—at the shrine of the canonized



VIEW OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Thomas-a-Becket, whose murder that king had brought about. And thus the friars did, day by day, in their stately abbey, which was placed—as abbeys always were—in the richest and fattest valley which Sherwood could afford. And on a quiet lake, the abbey swans “float double, swan and shadow,” and the placid waters reflect the blue sky and passing clouds, and lend another charm to the fair landscape, which then as now surrounded Newstead.

But time strides onward in his stealthy course, sparing nor hero, nor forester, nor monk. All that lives of Robin Hood is the memory of his deeds handed from sire to son, from old crooning nurses to their young chargeings, in the rude, quaint ballad histories of those early days. And Time wrought changes in Sherwood also. Its leafy honours under his spell were passing away. The busy axe of the woodman fell mercilessly among the oaks, and the old friars too had long since given place to the descendants of a long line of noble laymen. Of this old family one had fought with Edward the First, and been knighted at the memorable siege of Calais; another strove gallantly at Bosworth, and in reward was made Steward and Warden of Sherwood; another stood forward valiantly for his monarch when the great rebellion broke out, which ended by bringing a king to the block. This last, at Edge-hill and Newbury, gave soldierly token of his gallant loyalty, and thereafter was made a baron—Lord Byron—as his recompense. And all these gallant men and goodly deeds helped to keep Sherwood and Newstead enshrined in some portion of their old renown. But yet the lords were waning as the monks had done before, when, in the fading fortunes of their house, the last and noblest of its owners arose to shed a halo around it—a glory not quickly to depart; and Sherwood, which the ballad stories of five centuries had rendered a legendary ground, gained another poet, who will aid in handing down its memory to all time.

The cloud of poetical associations which hovers, as it were, above and about Newstead, has drawn, and will hereafter draw, many to visit a scene fraught with so many and such varied memories. A short ride from the busy town of Nottingham stands *The Hut*—a roadside hostelry facing the gate of the abbey domain. Passing this, and wending down the somewhat bare-looking way—plantations of young firs shutting in the view on either side—the abbey, awhile concealed, bursts all at once upon the expectant sight; just as the last, the laurelled, of its owners spoke of it:—

An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion—of a rich and rare
Mix’d Gothic.

On the right is a baronial tower, conjoined with the body of the building, and speaking “more of the baron than the monk.” On the left, the great west window of the old abbey church, all twined with ivy, and venerable in its decay:—

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraphs’ wings,
Now yawns all desolate:—

But though the “great oriel” be “all desolate,” still is it beautiful in ruin.

Within a niche, high to a pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fall’n, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortress—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But one of the old effigies, wrought in stone, and all weather-stained and grey in its antiquity, still holds a place in

A higher niche, alone, but crown’d,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
With her son in her blessed arms, looks round,
Spared by some chance when all the rest was spoil’d.

And between the great window and the tower are the apartments which look upon the

Lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soft’nd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread around.

Thus, truly and poetically, does Byron describe the house of his fathers. And who would write—and, if written, who would wish to read—a long dull guide-book story about Newstead, when it has been portrayed so faithfully and well by the Don himself:—

Embosomed in a happy valley,
Crown’d by high woodlands.

When Byron, in his Italian villegiatura, dashed rapidly from his pen the picture of “the old hall which should be his no more,” he threw into the portraiture such decorative embellishments and modern luxuries as taste and fancy prompted to render “Norman Abbey” worthy of the ideal personages his story takes to dwell there. All these fancies have since been realised; the present owner having spent a fortune—about £80,000—in restoring the old abbey to something like its original magnificence, displaying in these reparations that Colonel Wildman has the sound good taste one could always wish to see the companion of gallantry. But this *par parenthèse*.

The mansion’s self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween;
And exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform’d, replac’d, or sunk,
And spake more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join’d
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combin’d,
Form’d a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind—
At least of those whose minds were in their hearts.

The interior has its long corridors and numerous chambers—some sombre, some stately—all restored in good taste. Preserving the Gothic character of the pile, modern comfort has not been forgotten or neglected. We find figures in armour, with vizors and drawn swords; old carved ceilings and oak panelings; rich Gobelin tapestry, the figures large as life; quaint high-backed chairs and lofty state beds; Gothic stone-shafted casements, admitting the light solemnly-tempered; portraits, some in the costume of other times, others of modern personages, not forgetting the well-known intellectual features of the poet who has given the scene its most lasting interest.

Our second illustration gives a view of the abbey as seen from the garden, in one portion of which a broad terrace gives a stately aspect to the scene, and reminds one, with its strutting peacocks, of Watteau. Close by are the cloisters and the courts in which

A Gothic fountain play’d
Symmetrical, but deck’d with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade;
And here, perhaps, a monster, there a saint:
The spring gush’d through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man’s vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The shady walks of the garden—its wide terrace—the moat and stew in which the old monks kept good store of eels and carp for the refectory—the elm, upon which the poet, during his last visit to Newstead, inscribed his name, with that of his sister—all have an interest, which, did space allow, might well deserve more lengthened notice. But there are two other objects which *must* be glanced at. The one, the tomb of Boatswain, Byron’s favourite dog, with its cynical inscriptions; the other, the oak planted upon the lawn during a boyhood visit to the abbey. “As it fares,” said the poet-planter, “so will fare my fortune.” Years afterwards he wrote, in the gloomy spirit which pervades a large portion of his poetry, the lines—

Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

And despite, all gloomy forebodings, it has been so; and the tree, in the genial vale of Newstead, promises for many a year to stand a verdant memorial of the poet who planted it there.

Not far from Newstead stands Annesley, once the abode of Mary Chaworth; and across the forest, Hucknall Torkard, where rests, “after life’s fitful fever,” the mortal portion of George Gordon Byron.

From any neighbouring eminence the surrounding country may be admired. It is

A most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter’d at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Rising from rustic roofs.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY FROM THE LAKE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, DEC. 25.—Christmas-day.
 MONDAY, 26.—St. Stephen the Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 27.—St. John's day.
 WEDNESDAY, 28.—Holy Innocent's day.
 THURSDAY, 29.—Thomas à Beckett died, 1171.
 FRIDAY, 30.—Marmontel died, 1799.
 SATURDAY, 31.—St. Silvester Boyle died, 1691.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"R. T.—N."—The Index will be found to confirm all the suggestions of our correspondent.
 "J. Buller."—Declined.
 "A. B."—London-road.—See this week's paper.
 "W. T."—Anticipated.
 "B. N."—Liverpool.—Get the print of the newsman who supplies the paper.
 "W. C. G."—The price of each cover is twopence.
 "A. F. M."—The newsman should supply the wrapper at its price. To the other question—Yes.
 "P. O. S."—Amen.
 "S. S."—Wellington-street.—There was no mistake. The Barcelona Van Halen is the brother of the Peninsular general. We must decline, with thanks, the offer contained in the rest of the letter.
 "B. E. T."—The largest of the three engravings indicates the whole of the vessel, and the third presumes only a particular aspect; although the vessel was still being raised as a whole.
 "W. C."—Yes.
 "An Amateur."—The suggestion comes too late, and would hardly be available, except in an oil-painting.
 "J. D. S."—All will be had together in a double number on the 6th of January. (See Notice below.)
 "Leprehaun."—See Everybody's Column.
 "E. M."—Bachelors, "No, never."
 "B. Tiffin."—Must get the print from his newsman, who will have it.
 "A. Father."—Manchester.—Many thanks for his kind commendations.
 "M. Mc L."—East Praele.—We do not know; and the fact is only ascertainable from the division papers of the House of Lords.
 "Charlie."—Over the water.
 "A Farmer."—We decline entering upon corn-law questions until the proper moment shall arrive.
 The new Model Prison has been given. It will be further considered.
 "J. P. N."—shall have the print. He need not send the numbers, as he can buy the cover with all appliances for binding, &c.
 "X. Y. Z."—The scheme has been contemplated, and may be shortly executed.
 "J. Harrison."—will have the print.
 "C. P. F."—Ashby-de-la-Zouch.—The print, we have a hundred times announced, is given to all six months' subscribers. We cannot go into more minute detail.
 "W. A."—will have the print.
 "J. B. S."—It will appear the first week in January.
 "An Enemy to Clerical Oppression."—We cannot interfere in parochial quarrels.
 "Veritas."—The papers shall be sent on receipt of a post-office order. He will also get the print.
 "M. B. R."—Newman-street.—The work entitled "Governesses," shall be noticed.
 "T. S. Lempiere," Brighton.—Mr. Grant can supply the back numbers.
 "J. Mannen," Galway.—The newsman is responsible, unless he can put it upon the post-office.
 "Mrs. O'Malley," Swinford.—On the 6th of January. (See notice.)
 "S. T. R."—Certainly.
 "T. Pow."—No; not under six months.
 "M. L. B."—We are doing our utmost to meet the wishes of this correspondent, and have applied to another artist.
 "W. L."—Entitled on the 6th of January.
 "H. B. W."—Only if he be in the news trade.
 "H. P."—Davertry.—To both questions—Yes.
 "T. H. W."—will have the print.
 "Y. Z."—Asheby.—Either discontinue the paper, or go without the print, which you please; it will be a choice of evils.
 "T. G."—Yes.
 "Un Anglais."—He will get the print by paying the remaining three months' subscription.
 "E. H. L."—The best way to order it is through the booksellers' parcels.
 "P. O."—Apply to the parochial authorities.
 "R. W."—The whole details of the exact position of the speculation will, no doubt, find their way to the public; and, in the meanwhile, there seems no reason to increase either doubt or hope.
 "H. H."—See Everybody's Column.
 "G. E."—shall have the print.
 "B. T."—Wrong.
 "A Juvenile Piscator."—Consult Holland.
 Our Guernsey Correspondent is thanked.
 Our Correspondents at Frankfurt and Constantinople cannot write too often.
 We have received numerous letters containing sixpences for the paper, but without the addresses; this must naturally lead to disappointments, but the fault is not ours.
 "G. R."—will be supplied by his news-agent.
 "C. H."—See Everybody's Column.
 "W. B. H."—Touch and move.
 "W. S."—Banbury, shall have the print.
 "P. T. O."—We cannot insert poetry as original which has been heretofore published.
 Our new Sheldon Correspondent should keep his temper, although by the sample he gives us it is hardly worth preserving.
 "J. C. P."—Send a post-office order.
 "P. H."—will have the print. "A. Z."—Ditto.
 "J. Webster," of Derby.—Ditto.
 "H. W."—See Everybody's Column.

The exact size of the Paper of the Large Print of London is 4 feet 4 inches by 3 feet.

The Volume will have the Large Print of London folded in it as a Frontispiece.

The Price of the Covers for binding the papers will be 3s., splendidly and appropriately enriched in gold on the back and side.

The price of the Volume will be One Guinea.

Portfolios, ingeniously constructed for holding and keeping the numbers for six months of 1843, may be had at the office, price 4s. The numbers can be bound at the end of the volume, and the portfolio can be used as before.

Nos. 11 and 5 are reprintings. Nos. 10 and 15 are reprinted, and may be had of all booksellers.

THE COLOSSEUM PRINT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND NEWS-AGENTS.

The unparalleled success of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (which has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Proprietors) renders it necessary for them (in order to avoid anything like confusion or disappointment, and to give completeness and perfection to their scheme, by bringing the volume to the end of the year, which it would have been otherwise impossible for them to do) to postpone the issue of the Colosseum Print until Saturday, the 7th of January, when it shall appear, with a well-arranged Index and Title-page, thereby affording time to the trade, who have fully represented their difficulties to us, to ensure the most extensive and impartial distribution. The following directions will be found to facilitate materially the wishes of our subscribers to obtain the print, and we beg that they may be in all cases observed:—

Subscribers should write to the person to whom the subscription has been paid, directing him in what manner to forward the print, so that it may sustain the least amount of injury in its transit; for, although it will bear a stamp, and may be forwarded postage free (for the additional cost of the stamp), yet it is obvious that such a method is most objectionable; and, as in all large towns there are a great number of subscribers, it would be preferable that some arrangement might be made by which they might be sent by parcel, and thus escape the damage which they must inevitably sustain by being sent by post. Booksellers and News-venders in the country are therefore requested to give their orders to their town-agents in this way.

On the 7th of January will also be issued a Supplement or Extra number, price sixpence, which will contain

A Preface, with illustrations by Kenny Meadows.

Two Keys to the Colosseum Print.

Ten Views of Old London, contrasting it with one large new View.

"London the City of the World, a song, the words by Bayley, the music by Loder, with a beautiful allegorical device.

A Set of Twelfth-night Characters by Crowquill.

An elaborately-engraved Title-page, from a beautiful and original design by Gilbert, and an Index with illustrations by an eminent artist.

This extra number (it is hoped) will add considerably to the beauty and value of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS as an historical record for families of all the stirring events of our time, and, although regularly stamped, will be sold with the current number, and not separately.

At the opening of Parliament the subscribers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS will be presented with an attractive Supplement, gratis.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1842.

The French are very selfish, very savage in their selfishness, and very easily provoked. It perhaps, too, redounds nothing to their credit that they are either most annoyed at the fair prosperity of another, or most pleased at some unfair adversity which they themselves, as a nation, have perhaps chiefly fostered to consummation. When Great Britain closed her hostilities with China, by a triumph more commercial than warlike, Parisian pique and venom were spat forth under pitiful disguises of opinion and language, which were too transparent to conceal the spite by which they were engendered. But, when the re-acting philosophy of the French modern school of thought shamed public men and writers into a sense of the undignified position in which they stood, it became beautifully ludicrous to watch their altered tone, and the bright, smiling, disinterested complacency with which they suddenly recognised and acknowledged the commercial achievement of England, on account of the benefit which the opening of the Chinese trade would at once confer upon Europe at large. England was not to be selfish enough to work for herself, but France was at once ready and certain to participate in the advantage of all that she had done! This was your pure French philosophy. Now the antagonistic principle of combined rage and wrong is exhibited in the whole conduct of the French nation in reference to the Barcelona revolt in Spain. The French rejoicing in what we have called "the unfair adversity of another which they themselves chiefly fostered to consummation" applies clearly to the insurgent party on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees—cuts in favour of Christina against Espartero—and strikes a sort of bastard blow of policy against the present position of the regency in Spain. The French howl against England as the real fomentor of the Barcelona insurrection, and, in the same breath, they accuse Espartero, its bitterest enemy and the man who put it down, of having a leaning to Great Britain. Here the inconsistency rebuts the assertion, and we can well afford to rest at ease under the accusation. But, on the other hand, it is clear that the conduct of the French consul identified him, all but officially, with the rebels. He sheltered the flying cowards who headed the revolt, and made his position so clearly obnoxious to the legitimate authorities that it is now positively stated that Espartero has demanded his recall. In the meanwhile France so approves of the actions of her Consul that she loads him with favour—awards him, with a characteristic national vanity, the decoration of the Legion of Honour—and, before the Regent's demand can have reached Paris, the congratulations of French policy are ringing in the delighted ears of Monsieur Lesseps. So that this very Espartero, who is accused of leaning to England at the very moment when the same England is accused of fomenting the rebellion against the same Espartero, has the French bravado in his teeth before he can make a proper and rational appeal for French justice, which, after all, would, we fear, be nearly as nasty a physic as French bravado. Selfishness, inconsistency, tyranny, caprice, and insolence characterise the whole bearing of France in this transaction. Meanwhile Europe is half-earnestly, half-foolishly, alarmed lest the impertinence of Parisian intrigue and diplomacy should disturb the peace of the world. The effect has been a fluctuation of the funds of the Paris Bourse and of our own Exchange. The lesson read to Europe is that of French vain and obstinate injustice and instability. The truth of all the questions involved is, with their consequences, only to be solved and disclosed by time and circumstances; and in the meanwhile we have the half-consolation, half-disgust of knowing that France arrogates to herself, whenever selfishness dictates, the false pride and the bad principle of being always in the wrong.

We cannot conclude these comments without a word upon the bombardment of Barcelona, and the subsequent punishment which has been inflicted upon the misguided insurgents who surrendered within its walls. The bombardment was, we both fear and hope, justifiable—the punishment has been horrible in the extreme. The old Roman cruelty of decimation was resorted to, and one man out of ten has been shot. Civil war will not vindicate this, and humanity shudders at the wild injustice of such a revenge. Espartero has sadly and shamefully sullied his laurels, and all our indignation at French want of principle will never win British approval upon an act of barbarity which no true soldier of Old England would ever have the wanton ferocity to commit. When will holy peace civilize these bloodthirsty savages of Spain?

Several letters which have recently appeared in this journal, bearing date from Paris, and headed "From our own Correspondent," will have indicated to our readers that we have the advantage of a manifestly *au fait*, intelligent, and well-informed collaborateur in the French metropolis, upon whose quickness, ability, and industry we can entirely depend. The gentleman in question has undertaken the somewhat arduous task of throwing the news of Paris into this paper, with illustration, and of sending us over also occasional sketches of interest from "the City of the Seine." The Bourse appears in our present number—the Palais Royal will succeed it—and the Opening of the French Chambers will form an early and animated news embellishment of the commencement of the ensuing year.

In a recent number of this journal we committed a very clear but very involuntary error, which we hasten at once to correct, not more in justice to the party whom it might probably have aggrieved, than to the reputation for fairness and honesty of principle, which we are more desirous to keep established than even the high and gratifying popularity which we at present enjoy. The case to which we have to allude was that of "Smith versus Bond," a trial involving a narration of sad and demoralizing gambling transactions. The verdict in this case was registered for a large amount in favour of the plaintiff Smith; and on the principle of strong opposition to every kind of gaming, but, above all, in public halls, we declared our opinion of the propriety of the result. We, however—writing from memory of the report of the case, without the actual document before us—confounded the not very uncommon names of Thompson and Smith, and, under the belief that the plaintiff had been the servant of the defendant, and had availed himself of a knowledge of the guilt in which he had participated to complete his case against his former master, we indignantly reprobated the treachery which had produced the result we approved. We refused to lend ourselves to the principle that a good end justified bad means. We did this honestly, and are happy to know that our readers rejoiced in the tone which we had the courage to assume. With equal honesty we now maintain the truth of our doctrine, and explain the error of its application. Mr. Smith was not the servant of Mr. Bond, but, it is now stated, was a total stranger to him and his establishment.

Our remarks, therefore, cease to apply to him entirely, as he was not a prosecutor in the position attacked, and they are, of course, fully and honourably retracted by us as far as he is personally concerned. We do not even impugn his witness Thompson, for, as a witness subpoenaed and upon oath, he was bound to state all he knew, and a charge of malice or treachery could only apply to the fact of a man's availing himself of a guilty knowledge of crime to procure its punishment by prosecution. Thus it will be seen that our positions hold in their morality, although they were in error in their application, and we have, therefore, as much pleasure in now exonerating Mr. Smith, as we have, for the sake of society, of sustaining the doctrines which led us into a misconception of his position in relation to the justly-punished Mr. Bond.



THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

WINDSOR, Sunday.—Her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the whole of the Court attended divine service in the private chapel within the castle. The Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell and the Rev. William Canning, Canons of Windsor, officiated. After the service her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert partook of the holy sacrament, which was administered by the above reverend divines. The following personages also partook of the holy sacrament:—Viscountess Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, Viscount Sydney, the Hon. Amelia Murray, the Hon. Frances Devereux, and Dr. Prætorius.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and Lady Fanny Howard attended divine service in the parish church. The Rev. J. Gore officiated. Her Majesty and the Prince, with the ladies and gentlemen of the royal suite, walked across the Park to Adelaide Lodge.

MONDAY.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert took their accustomed walking exercise.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by the Earl of Liverpool, enjoyed several hours' shooting in the royal preserves at Bishopsgate.—The royal dinner party in the evening included the following personages:—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Viscountess Canning, Lady Fanny Howard, the Hon. Amelia Murray, the Hon. Frances Devereux, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Sydney, Captain Duncombe, Sir Edward Bowater, Sir Henry Wheatley, Colonel Grey, and Dr. Prætorius.

TUESDAY.—Her Majesty did not take her usual morning walk; but in the afternoon her Majesty walked on the terrace and grand parterre with his Royal Highness Prince Albert.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert drove to Frogmore Lodge in a pony phaeton in the afternoon, and returned to the castle with her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent remained at the castle for some time, and lunched with her Majesty.—The Duke of Wellington arrived at the castle on a visit to her Majesty.—Sir Henry Wheatley left for town in the forenoon.—The royal dinner party in the evening included the following personages:—His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Viscountess Canning, the Hon. Amelia Murray, the Hon. Frances Devereux, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord and Lady Haddo, the Earl of Liverpool, Captain Meynell, Sir E. Bowater, Colonel Gray, and Dr. Prætorius.—The band of the Grenadier Guards was in attendance.

WEDNESDAY.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert took their usual walking exercise. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington, and attended by Sir E. Bowater, enjoyed several hours' shooting in the royal preserves at Sandpit Gate, where they had some excellent sport.—Her Majesty walked out with the Prince in the royal plea-

sure grounds in the afternoon.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal was taken out in the royal pleasure grounds.—The royal dinner party included the following personages:—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington, Viscountess Canning, Lady Fanny Howard, the Hon. Misses Devereux and Murray, the Earl of Liverpool, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lady Montague and the Hon. Miss Montague, Sir E. Bowater, Captain Meynell, Colonel Grey, and Dr. Prætorius.

The Marquis of Ormonde has succeeded Lord Sydney as the Lord in Waiting, and Captain Meynell has succeeded Captain Duncombe as the Groom in Waiting on her Majesty.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the quiet town of Poole on Saturday last, and created quite a sensation amongst the inhabitants by her unexpected condescension. Her Majesty drove round the principal streets, and appeared in excellent health.

CANFORD HOUSE.—The Queen Dowager and the limited members of her court were deeply affected on receiving the melancholy news of the sudden death of the Countess of Denbigh. The deceased countess was eldest daughter of the late Earl of Ducie, and sister of the present earl, and Lady Julia Langston, and Lady Charlotte Berkeley. Her ladyship was born Dec. 14, 1798, and married the 8th of May, 1822, to the Earl of Denbigh, by whom her ladyship leaves a family of nine children. Her Majesty is now enjoying an excellent state of health, having completely recovered from the effects of her recent cold, which, by the way, was greatly exaggerated. Sir David Davis, physician in ordinary to her Majesty, has been making several professional visits: but now, in consequence of her Majesty's convalescence, he has left for town. Earl Howe is with his family at Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire, but is expected shortly. Viscount and Viscountess Barrington are on a visit, her ladyship being in waiting on the Dowager Queen. Lady Gore and the Hon. Miss Gore are also visiting her Majesty. His Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick of Austria is expected to pay his respects to her Majesty, before finally departing for the Mediterranean.

LADY GRAHAM.—We are happy in being able to state that Lady Graham is convalescent. The Right Hon. Home Secretary, his lady and family, we understand, intend spending the Christmas holidays at Brighton, if her ladyship should recover sufficient strength to undertake the journey.

FESTIVITIES AT HIMLEY HALL.—Lord Ward gave a splendid fête on Tuesday night at Himley Hall, in celebration of the birthday of his only brother, the Hon. Humble Ward, who attained his majority on that day.

DEATH OF SIR THOMAS HAGGERSTON, BART.—We understand accounts have been received of the death of the above baronet, from Brussels. He was born in 1785, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the demise of his uncle in 1831. Mr. Edward Haggerston, brother of the deceased, succeeds to the family honours and estates.

Letters report that Sir Charles Bagot's illness had assumed the most serious character. His complaint is said to be an affection of the lungs, produced by excited action of the heart, and causing great difficulty of breathing, with an almost total want of natural sleep. It was supposed that he had tendered his resignation by the last mail, and believed that he would not live to receive Lord Stanley's answer.

BROCKET HALL.—Viscount Melbourne continues to improve in health, and is daily to be seen either walking or taking carriage drives in the Park. The Dowager Lady Holland, who had been visiting the noble viscount for some days, left on Saturday last for town. Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston departed the same day also for the metropolis. Lord and Lady Beauvale, Mr. George Lamb, and Mr. Milbank, are still staying with his lordship. The Hon. Mr. Cowper, who has been making visits in Rutlandshire and Norfolk, was expected to arrive shortly.

ACCIDENT TO LORD WORSLEY, M.P.—We understand that the above noble lord is suffering from injuries he received last week by being thrown from his horse when out hunting. It appears his lordship's horse fell upon him, by which he received some contusions, which happily are not so serious as was at first anticipated.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—It is understood that the Earl of Northesk will shortly be united to Miss Elliot, eldest daughter of the Hon. Rear-Admiral Elliot, and niece to the Earl of Minto.

The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt has conferred the Grand Cross of the order of Philip the Generous on Baron C. M. de Rothschild, son of Baron Charles de Rothschild.

Lord Ranelagh and Mr. B. Cochrane, M.P., have returned from their visit to Bourges, where they were extremely well received by the royal prisoners. These gentlemen, it is said, give a very enthusiastic account of the eldest son of the Prince of Asturias, who is represented to be a young man of great spirit and acquirements, and only requiring a field in which to distinguish himself.

The property of the late Lord Hill has, it is stated, been distributed among his relatives very judiciously. Annuities of £100 a year each are left to the children of his late brother, Colonel Hill. A sum of £2000 is given to the eldest son of Sir Francis Hill; and to his other numerous nephews and nieces he has left £1300 each. He has left £2000 to his aide-de-camp, Col. Egerton; and the estate and mansion of Hardwick to his nephew, now Viscount Hill.

THE APPROACHING LONDON SEASON.—As regards the fate of the approaching season the deepest anxiety has long prevailed amongst the numerous branches of trade in this great metropolis, particularly amongst those engaged in the manufacturing and vending of articles of luxury for the higher classes. In this feeling we have deeply sympathised, knowing not only how ingeniously, but also with what labour, are produced those articles destined to figure in the world of pleasure—and what deep distress prevails, even when the London season is but curtailed of a month of its usual duration. We need scarcely remind our readers that the interesting event which will so happily add to the hopes of the nation, and to the objects of her Majesty's dearest affections, is only expected towards the month of May. Until then, and for at least a month afterwards, her Majesty will be obliged to restrict the circle of royal hospitality, and society will be deprived of that impulse which our Sovereign has habitually given to pleasure, no less with the view to the solid benefit of the industrious classes than to the more ephemeral recreation of their superiors. Under these circumstances we are happy to give currency to the rumour prevailing in the highest regions of society, than an illustrious lady will be deputed to hold the drawing-rooms during the season—seconded by the ever-ready efforts of that most amiable Prince, the royal consort. As regards such a plan being adopted we entertain little doubt, being persuaded that her Majesty, who has so often and so generously proved her deep interest in the welfare of the trade of the metropolis, will not forget their interests under circumstances so threatening to their best hopes. As to the illustrious lady we alluded to, we consider her being chosen to represent her Majesty to be the more likely on account of the recent and auspicious removal from the court of a certain well-known intermediary, and of the justly increasing ascendancy of one combining the gentlest and most affectionate interest with the necessary wisdom and firmness.—*Morning Post*.

Her Majesty's royal bounties were distributed on Monday and Tuesday to upwards of 800 poor, old, and distressed persons, re-

siding in and about London, who had been previously recommended by the clergy, nobility and gentry, residing in the various parishes. The bounty is limited to persons who are above the age of 60 years, and the exception to the rule is made in favour of the blind, and those who are afflicted with severe bodily infirmity. The royal gate alms to 168 persons, each receiving thirteen shillings, and also distributed. These bounties were distributed by Joseph Hanby, Esq., secretary and yeoman of her Majesty's almonry, under the immediate orders of his Grace, the Lord Archbishop of York, lord high almoner.

FIRE IN ALBEMARLE-STREET.—Considerable alarm was occasioned in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly by the outbreak of a fire, which at first threatened most serious consequences, on the premises of Mr. Robert Keate, surgeon, 15, Albemarle-street, opposite the St. George's Hotel, which was destroyed by fire some time since. The fire was first discovered by some of the domestics, who, being alarmed by a crackling noise in the rooms on the fourth story, went up to ascertain the cause, and on opening the door of the back room, found it to be in flames. The engines having promptly arrived, the damage was confined to the apartments in which it commenced.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

A commission of lunacy was held at the Green Man Hotel, Blackheath, on Monday last, to inquire into the state of mind of Mrs. Ann Sturrock, wife of Captain Sturrock, R.N. After hearing the evidence, the jury found that the unfortunate lady had been incapable of managing her own affairs since the 18th of November.—Robert Orm, a private in the 80th regiment, who was found guilty, some time ago, at Chatham, of having attempted to murder a non-commissioned officer in the same corps, has been removed on board the hulks previous to his undergoing his sentence of transportation for life.—Robert Moir, formerly a merchant, who was convicted before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, last week, for fraudulent bankruptcy, and sentenced to transportation, has since died from the effects of an illness under which he had been labouring for some time before his trial.—A respectable female, named Mary Baker, committed suicide by drowning at Uxbridge a few days ago.—It is thought that a clue has at length been found to the sacrilegious miscreants who robbed Chertsey Church some time ago. One man was apprehended near Staines, endeavouring to dispose of a sacramental cup in a disfigured condition.—Mr. John Edwards, a butcher, of Little Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, fell down in a fit on Monday last and suddenly expired.—A few days ago a cellarman named Dunn, in the employment of a wine-merchant in Pantons-street, Haymarket, missed his footing whilst cleaning some windows, and, although the fall to the ground was very slight, he was killed on the spot.—Sergeant Allen of the S division, whilst on duty in William-street, was suddenly seized with a spitting of blood, and one of his men coming up at the time, called for assistance and ran for a surgeon. The poor fellow was removed to his residence in Little Charles-street, but died almost immediately.—A stout elderly gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, was observed to stagger as if intoxicated, and to reel against the iron railings just opposite the Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The unfortunate man appearing to rally a little, he was put into a cab, and the driver was directed to get as fast as possible to the address found upon him, 6, Cleaver-street, Kennington-cross, but on his arrival there he was insensible, and died before the cab had been discharged from the door.—The rate-payers of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, met on Wednesday to elect a Vestry-clerk, when four candidates were put in nomination. The show of hands was in favour of Mr. Day, an active and intelligent parishioner; but a poll was demanded on behalf of the others, who are, we believe, lawyers. We heartily wish Mr. Day success.—The Board of Admiralty have sent £100 to the widow of a fisherman at Hastings, who was run down in his trawl-boat by her Majesty's steamer Rhadamanthus.—James Bevenham, a stable-man, in the employment of a livery-stable-keeper, residing in Russell-mews, Russell-square, died a few days ago in consequence of having received a splinter in his thumb, which brought on lock-jaw.—On Wednesday night, between nine and ten, an explosion of gas took place on the premises of the Norwood Cemetery Company, 70, King William-street, City, which was nearly attended with loss of life, one man who had the care of the premises having been dreadfully injured. Upwards of fifty panes of glass were also broken by the concussion.—The supply of delicacies in the metropolis for the Christmas festival is greater than on any previous occasion, and Covent-garden market has more the appearance of Spring than of December. The mildness of the weather, however, will prove a most serious detriment to the butchers and poulterers.—Her Majesty the Queen has sent £20 to the Venerable Archdeacon Thorp, in furtherance of the project for erecting a monument to the memory of Grace Darling.—The hamlet of Novette, in Savoy, has been almost entirely reduced to ashes, upwards of sixty houses, including the parsonage, having been burnt down, leaving 100 families without shelter or bread, as the whole of their harvest, which was in the barns, has also been consumed. The church is much damaged, and narrowly escaped total destruction.—A twopenny post-boy, named Neale, was thrown from his horse in the Walworth-road, and died soon after, in consequence of the injuries he received.—The "giant fight," so much talked of in the lower circles, came off on Tuesday last near Gravesend, when, after thirty-eight rounds, the American mammoth was declared the victor.—A poor man, named Coldwell, attended prayers at the Catholic chapel at Cheltenham, and was found in a kneeling posture, immediately after the service, a corpse. A coroner's inquest was held next day, when the jury found that the deceased had "Died from want of the common necessities of life.—An extraordinary fire occurred on the road near Gloucester last week, when a waggon, laden with hops, grocery, and drapery, was totally consumed. The affrighted horses galloped along the road for several miles, to the great dismay of the beholders.—The Admiralty Court have awarded £1200 and costs to the crews of three fishing-smacks, for salving the Louisa, a French vessel, which was found abandoned in the North Sea, with a cargo and property to the amount of £4000.—A meeting of the members of the Living Model Academy took place on Monday evening, among whom were W. Collett, M.P., W. Etty, R.A., &c. The report of the state of the society's funds was highly favourable, and votes were passed to employ a sum of money towards making a variety of improvements for the future comfort of the models.—A meeting was held at Glasgow on Wednesday, for the purpose of taking steps towards the erection of a marble statue to the memory of the late Mr. Kirkman Finlay. A committee was formed in furtherance of the object.—Accounts from all parts of the country state that the crops of wheat promise to be much earlier than usual next year, and productive of a very plentiful harvest.—Several cases of suicide have occurred during the week, which it is lamentable to state have been entirely attributable to the want of the common necessities of existence. A poor old woman named Foskett, upwards of seventy years of age, cut her throat last Tuesday rather than apply for parish relief.—The new Royal Exchange

stands in three parishes, and the Bank in five, St. Michael's and St. Bartholomew included. The Bank, in the most handsome manner, gives £100 to the parish officers of each of those five parishes, to be distributed on Christmas-eve among the poor.

POSTSCRIPT.

Friday Night.

WINDSOR, Thursday.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took their usual walking exercise. The Prince hunted with his harriers, attended by Major-General Wemyss, Sir E. Bowater, and Mr. Anson. They met at Ankerwycke, had a capital run, and killed, after forty minutes' good pace. In addition to the royal suite, the field consisted only of the neighbouring yeomen and farmers. The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal have been taken out in the pleasure-grounds. The Duke of Wellington took his departure for Strathfieldsaye. Her Majesty has commanded that a baron of beef, according to "the good old English custom in baronial halls, and royal palaces," shall be the chief dish at the royal banquet at the castle on Christmas-day. A splendid baron, weighing nearly two hundred and fifty pounds, has been selected for the occasion from Mr. Adams, one of the purveyors of meat to her Majesty at Windsor, which was this day exhibited to the curious in matters of "good and substantial eating." The baron is nearly four feet in length, and upwards of two feet wide—"a dainty dish," in every way worthy to "set before the Queen." This enormous joint is to be roasted to-morrow, and placed upon the banquet-table cold.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN LINDFORD, K.C.B.—This much respected brave old officer died on the 22nd instant at his residence, Grove-road, after a few days' illness, at the age of about 86 years, 65 of which he had been a commissioned officer in the navy, and served as first-lieutenant of the Nimrod, of 98 guns, in the battle of the 12th of April, 1782, that ship being Lord Rodney's second astern on that day.

The Bishop of Winchester has prohibited the performance of sacred music in churches within his diocese for other than ecclesiastical purposes.

The Lord Chancellor leaves town to-morrow for his seat, Turville, near Maidenhead, where the noble and learned lord, we understand, intends to pass the Christmas vacation.

DEATH OF THE DOWAGER LADY CARYSFORT.—We have to announce the death of this venerable lady, at an advanced age—her 86th year. She was the third daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville, and grand aunt of the Duke of Buckingham. She was the second wife of the first Earl of Carysfort, whom she married in 1787, and by whom she had several children—three daughters, and a son, who died in his first year.

The Hon. Mr. Butler was held to bail at the Marylebone police-office on Thursday for having charged an attorney's clerk, who went to serve him with a writ, with a gun and bayonet. The unfortunate prosecutor, who has been more dead than alive ever since, swore that the accused threatened to shoot him, by which he was dreadfully frightened, and he thereupon ran away as hard as he could.

The Antigua papers last received report the existence in that island of "a great deal of fever, some instances of which have been fatal in their results." Forty-seven of the officers and crew of her Majesty's ship Tweed had been attacked by it, and one officer and a man had died. The weather was very sultry.

On Thursday morning Mr. Waite, a gentleman of property, residing in Mount-street, Mile-end-road, waited on the Income-tax commissioners to appeal against his assessment, and on his return home he took suddenly ill and died almost instantaneously.

FOREIGN GESE AND TURKEYS.—Large quantities of these have, for the Christmas season, been introduced the last few days into Leadenhall and Newgate markets; but which, from the close manner in which they have been packed, by which they have become heated, and the heat of the weather, have turned out quite green and unfit for food. Great numbers have been removed at night, and thrown away as offal, as the stench has proved quite offensive to both salesmen and purchasers. Geese and turkeys of inferior quality may be obtained at a very cheap price, whilst those of good quality are proportionably dear.

SEASONABLE CHARITY.—Mr. Hardwick, on taking his seat at the Marlborough-street Police-court yesterday (Thursday), said it gave him the highest gratification to announce the receipt of a letter from the Russian Ambassador, Baron Brunnow, enclosing the munificent donation of £50, to be distributed amongst the poor of that district in order to enable them to have a merry Christmas.

The body of the man supposed to have been murdered at Clesson's Bridge, Dublin, was, on Wednesday, identified by his brother. His name was Theodore Lynch, a clerk in the Ordnance-office in the Phoenix Park. His brother is of opinion that he committed suicide, as he brought away his razors from his home early on the morning of his death. The people about the neighbourhood are not disposed to credit this opinion, as they cannot bring themselves to think that the ill-fated young man deliberately took off his coat, waistcoat, hat, and neckcloth, and, after concealing them, lay down on a burning limekiln and cut his throat. It is, however, a gratification to have a cause for hoping that a murder of so sanguinary a character as this appeared to be has not been committed in a neighbourhood in which the Italian was murdered in February 1841.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN LIVERPOOL.—On Thursday morning a most alarming and disastrous fire broke out in the extensive tar and turpentine distillery of Messrs. Platt, Son, and Casson, situate in Greenland-street, and running back nearly to Parliament-street, in the south end of Liverpool. The premises cover a great deal of ground; and large yards adjoining the building were filled with empty and full barrels of tar, turpentine, rosin, oils, and other highly inflammable materials. Two large warehouses stood contiguous to the distillery, to which the fire soon communicated itself, and they, together with some buildings of minor importance, soon fell a prey, with their valuable contents, to the fierceness of the flames, and so rapid was their progress, that there was no time to save anything beyond the books and papers belonging to the firm. In addition to the articles used by Messrs. Platt and Co. in their business, the adjoining warehouses contained large quantities of cotton and hemp; and when all were burning (as they were) at the same moment—9 A.M.—presented a truly splendid but awful spectacle. The origin of the fire is stated to be owing to one of the workmen taking a lighted stick to see if one of the tanks of turpentine was full, which, accidentally falling out of his hand into the liquor, of course set the whole of the building in a flame instantly. The loss to Messrs. Platt and Co., who are the oldest and most respectable firm in Liverpool in their line of business, that of tar and turpentine distillers, though insured for a large amount, will be very considerable; persons well informed on the subject have estimated the value of buildings, goods, machinery, &c., destroyed at from £60,000 to £70,000. The wind was blowing fresh from the south-west at the time of the outbreak, and carried the black smoke that arose from the ruins quite across the town, at times producing almost total darkness.

The packet-ship Europe arrived at Liverpool yesterday, but her dates from New York are the same as we received by the Acadia steamer, which were to the evening of the 1st instant.



WORDS BY HAYLEY.

MUSIC BY GRATTAN COOKE.

Allegretto Scherzando.

VOICE. A bless - ing on the far - mer's home, on all his grounds may

PIANOFORTE. *Giojoso* *fz* *p* *cres*

yield, The har - vest of the gra - na - ry, the til - lage of the field; A

rallén. *fz* *p* *cres* *f* *colla voce* *fz* *tempo primo*

bless - ing on the far - mer's home, on all his grounds may yield, The har - vest of the gra - na - ry, the

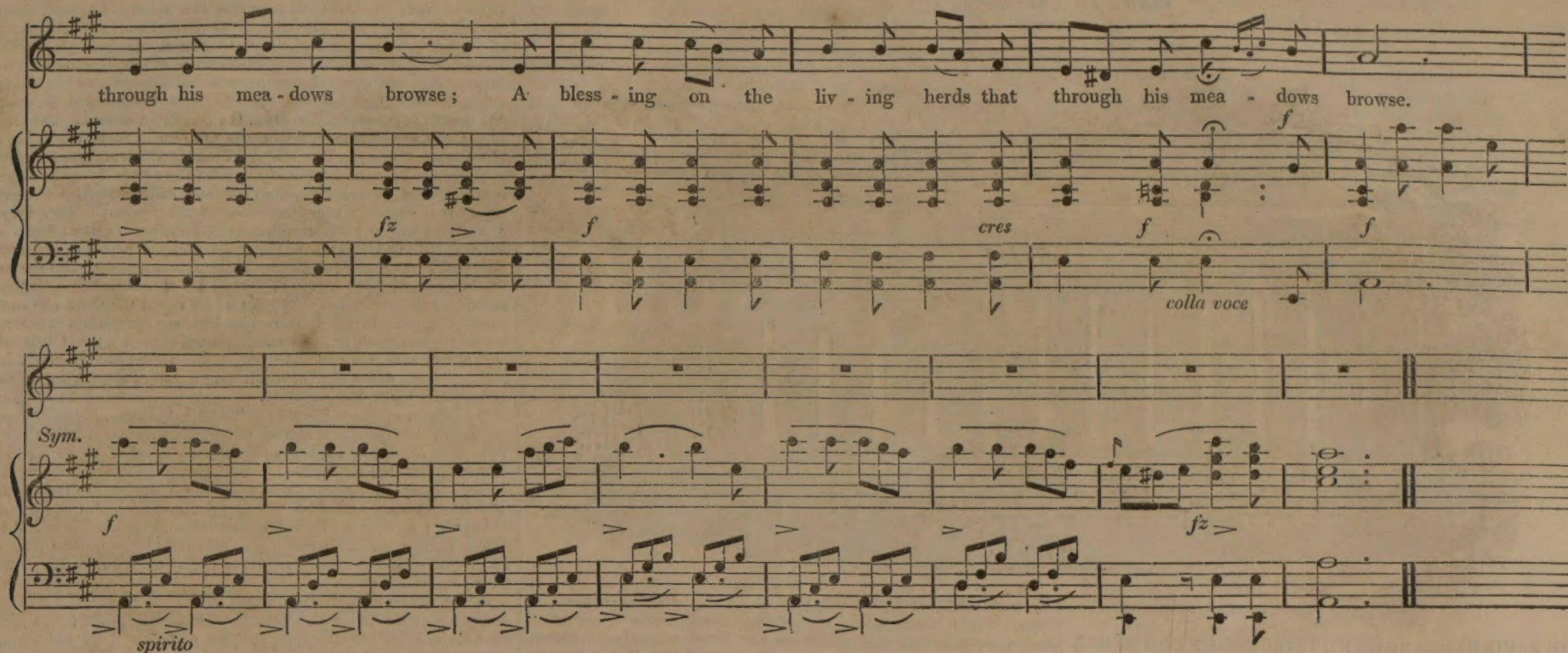
p *fz* *cres*

til - lage of the field; A bless - ing on the har - dy teams that toil be - fore his ploughs, A

p

bless - ing on the har - dy teams that toil be - fore his ploughs; A bless - ing on the liv - ing herds that

rallén. *f* *f* *rallén.* *p* *colla voce* *tempo primo*



A blessing on the peasant's home, the cottage of the poor,
The housewife by its churning-mill, the urchins at its door;
On the little idle glowing group that by the roadside lurk,
On the weary father whistling home his happy way from work!

A blessing on the squire's house, the ancient home of pride,
That hath wassail in its cheerful hall, and charity beside;
From one who, greeting rich and poor with free ungrudging hand,
Still keeps a glowing English heart, the boast of English land!

A blessing on the lord's domain, the spacious, fair, and free,
The deer that skim the waving park, the steeds that prance the lea;
But most on *him*, whose tenants round but prove the happy strife,
Of how much human love a lord may kindle into life!

ANNUALS.

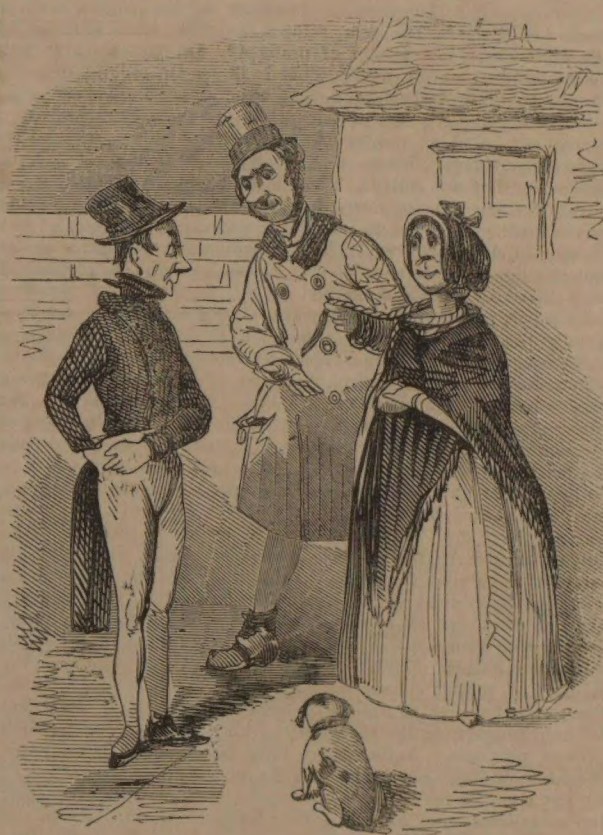
FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

"I give you all—I can no more,
Though poor the 'Offering' be;"—
Yet 'tis worth millions, if you judge
By what it has cost me!

My wife—ah yes—I part with her
As friendship's sweet reward,
I've got her in a line to go
Upon her own ac-cord!

And that half-crown you're pulling out
Still leaves me, Bill, no pull—
I'm letting a whole tigress go
For only half-a-bull!

Farewell, and of your bargain, boy,
Long live you to be proud,
You've only given half-a-bull
To have your spirit cowed!



FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.



FORGET-ME-NOT.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget me not! Don't leave me here,
Imprisoned for Love's gentle thievings,
I thought I was too TAKING far
Ever to be among your leavings.

Forget me not—this is indeed
An awkward hole for lover's dodging,
I've oft admired the chimney board
But can't endure the chimney lodging!

Forget me not—ambition's voice
Aided by love's may spur my fate,
But still I've no desire to claim
Such close alliance with the great!

Forget me not—I'm like one pledged
To you—alas, and by you too;
But, dearest, though you've popped me here,
Pray do not keep me up the flue!



THE KEEPSAKE.

Yes, I've found it—it's true like a ship in a squall,
And far less addicted to bat than to bawl,
But you know what to darling humanity's due,
So I've brought the sweet baby uncradled to you!

'Tis a Keepsake—you know sir—and year upon year
You will find it, I promise, becoming more dear.
Never let it catch cold—though mamma may have smiled
When she ask'd you one day for a draft upon Child.

No, no—keep this keepsake as sweetest of sweets,
He's a dear little annual—though not stitched in sheets,
And you can if he wants a profession, you know,
Bring him up to the long robe—he came to you so!

Educate him so neatly—that he must be one
Of a million who takes the shine out of your son!
Then when you've done all that a father can do,
Let him spend your fortune and he'll do for you!



THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

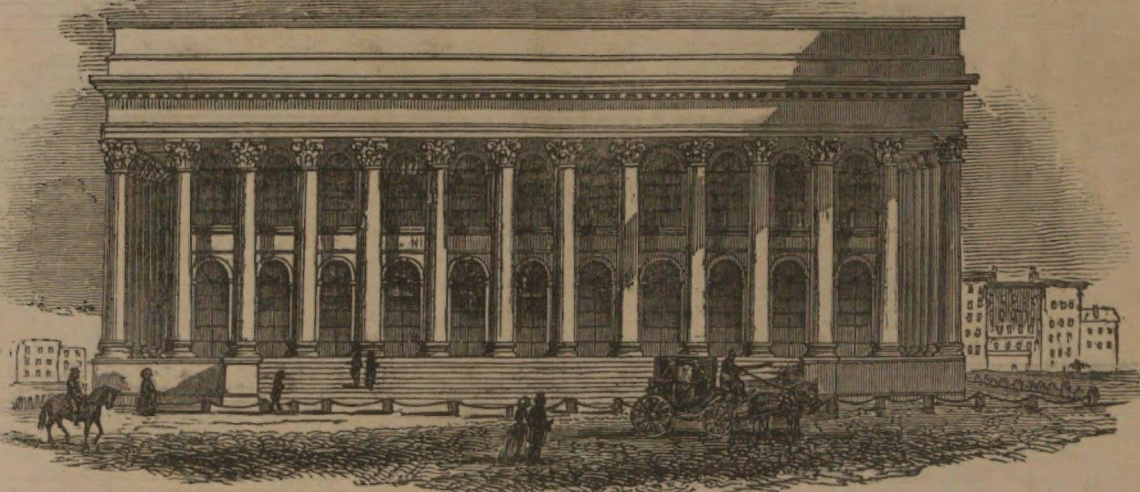
"My pretty blue belle"—I am going to tell
Of the beautiful book which you edit so well,
With your own sweet face as the frontispiece dear,
And your pen in your mouth, love, instead of your ear!

Who would not be a goose now—to have such a quill
For your red lips to hold so remarkably still;
With ink like your spirit—uncommonly blue,
And a feather to fly with—though not, love, from you!

Your eyes shed such light on your beautiful phiz,
That at last your wise owl has a twinkle in his!
You're a Queen—fair advised by the sagest of sages,
With a book in whose prison you shut up your pages!

Most sublime are your looks—lady editor—when
You are having resort like a sheep—to your pen
And your book may be grand—but in you I behold
The true Book of Beauty that I long to fold!

VIEWS IN PARIS.—No. I.



VIEW OF THE PARIS EXCHANGE AND TRIBUNAL OF COMMERCE.

THE PARIS EXCHANGE AND TRIBUNAL OF COMMERCE.
(From our own Correspondent.)

The artist of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* gives an accurate notion of the *ensemble* of this magnificent structure, which includes both the exchange for commercial and financial affairs, and the court which has, in its attributes, the actions arising out of disputes of trade and unpaid bills. The Parisian merchants and traders formerly assembled in a saloon appertaining to the ancient treasury, then in one of the wings of the Palais Royal, and subsequently in a provisional room in the Rue Feydeau. The present edifice is due to Napoleon, and the first stone was laid 24th March, 1808, on the site of the old convent of the Filles St. Thomas. Brongniart was the first architect, and Labarre completed it. Our view is taken from the angle of the square on the side of the Rue Vivienne, and develops the façade and the perspective of one of the sides. It is certainly one of the first buildings in Paris. It presents a parallelogram 212 feet long and 126 broad, and the four fronts comprise sixty-four columns of the Corinthian order, reaching the second story. This forms an imposing colonnade on each side of perfect proportions. A peristyle of fourteen columns in the principal front, with an ascent of sixteen steps, occupies the entire breadth of the façade. The Bourse or Exchange itself is thus raised on a sub-basement overlooking the adjacent houses. Follow your correspondent into the interior:—Leaving your cane, umbrella, or arms, if you have any, with the *concierge* or porter, and being without a *casquet* or *blouse*, caps and smock-frocks being prohibited in the Bourse costume regulations, you will perceive before you a grand staircase, with a wrought bronze balustrade, leading to the Tribunal of Commerce, which we will visit presently; but first let us enter the spacious hall, 116 feet long and 75 broad, capable of holding 2500 persons: this Rialto where “merchants most do congregate”—this gambling arena—this *tripot*, worse than the defunct Frascati's, or Palais Royal gaming-houses. It is two o'clock—the hour of business is commencing. There is at the extremity of the hall, which, by the way, is covered in with an iron roof, with windows in the upper compartment, lighting the interior of the establishment, a raised wooden platform, with a railing. This is called the Parquet. Within this magic circle is an internal ring, round which are seen a number of men, with pencil and pocketbook, gesticulating and shouting with great energy. These are *agents de change*, or stock-brokers, who pay a large sum to be privileged to act in that capacity, the number being limited. They are buying and selling stock, and the crier is shouting out the prices as the bargains are concluded. Presently you will perceive one of these brokers approach the outer railing, and whisper mysteriously to some individual whose anxious look betrays him as the speculating client of the broker. Stand for a moment amidst the outside group. What is it you hear? “Louis Philippe is dying. Prince Metternich is dead. War between England and France. Pigeon expresses from London with great fall of the English funds. The Duke of Bordeaux is about to marry the Czar's daughter, and Russia is to invade France for a third restoration. The Ministry is going out. The English ran the formidable on shore off Barcelona, on purpose to aid Espartero against the insurgents, and the cunning British commander selected the softest bed of sand to lump upon. The Viceroy of Egypt is again to invade his liege lord, and the Isthmus of Suez is to be cut off for the English, as a channel of communication for the overland India mail. *Perfidie Albion! Canaille des Anglais!*” &c. Well, you now hear the exclamations, and you rub your eyes, and ask if you are awake, or what the world has come to? You are between *gobe-mouches* and stick speculators, the pluckers and the plucked. The varying prices of the securities, foreign and domestic, explain the mystery. Do you remark that short, thickset man, with quick rolling grey eyes; he is an agent *à l'Anglais*, a spy of the Minister of the Interior, who writes a daily report of what he can fish up at the Bourse, till the half-past three o'clock bell announces that the *parquet* business is over. Now you will remark that a dense mass of persons crowd into a corner of the hall, and you hear the cry of “*Je vends 3000 à 79f. 15c.*,” and you see his neighbour give an acquiescent or negative nod—these are the small dabblers in the funds for the account, called *Coulistiers*. These individuals formerly assembled at Tortoni's, then emigrated to the Café de Paris, then crossed the Boulevards to the Café Anglais, were turned out of there by the Minister of the Interior as not being a licensed club, and now they take refuge in the avenue of trees in the square of the Bourse till the *parquet* begins, and at the close of the latter resume their imaginary buyings of stock until five o'clock and sometimes later. If there be an event in the ministerial evening papers, you will find them at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, exercising their exciting vocation with all the intensity of a Baden-Baden or West-baden player. Do you see in another corner of the hall some muscular-looking men with tanned visages, walking with their limbs strangely wide apart: these are the celebrated *Courriers de Commerce*, the hardest riding men in the world—men who will come from Madrid to Paris in five days, without cessation, on horseback; men who will ride from Marseilles to Boulogne in sixty-five to sixty-eight hours; the carriers, in short, of commercial and banking firms, and of the London newspapers. Under the last column, as you promenade in the hall, you may hear a different language. Look up and you will see inscribed the name of the country which each column congregates. In gazing you

turn your eyes to the roof. What are those magnificent basso-relievos? They represent the four quarters of the globe; but go into the galleries, and you will, by close inspection, find that the apparently bas-reliefs are nothing but white paintings on the ceiling, a flat surface. The illusion is immense, and many a wager has been won, such is the perfect illusion of these admirable paintings. Whilst you are in the gallery, look at the magnificent clock, cased in plate glass, which shows the time to the interior as well as the exterior of the Bourse; and if you remain after half-past three, you will see some fair ladies of the creation admiring the Exchange, for they are now excluded in business hours, in consequence of the frightful gambling which they indulged in when admitted to the body of the hall. May I mention, *par parenthèse*, that the greatest gamblers in the stocks are the cooks of Paris? Do you remark a thin man, looking all the world like a Jew vender of oranges? Do you perceive how he is bowed to on all sides? That is James Rothschild, the son of the late Rothschild, and now the greatest financier in the world. If you can spare an hour, drop into the Tribunal of Commerce, composed of merchants and traders as judges, with a lawyer as a president. Listen to the pleadings of the counsel, or *agrees*, as they are called. The causes comprise everything relating to trade and commerce, bankruptcies, &c. If you have the good fortune to obtain an introduction to the commissary of the Bourse, M. Baudesson de Richebourg, you will recognise a polite and intelligent gentleman of the *ancien régime*. He is charged with the safety and good conduct of the Bourse, and he writes a daily report to the various ministers of the events and transactions of the day. Round his office you will find an assemblage of antique-looking gentlemen. These are *rentiers* or fund-holders, who amuse themselves during the hours of business by narrating the *cancans* of the day. After all, the Bourse affairs are but chandler's-shop trade compared with the enormous business of the London Exchange. Everybody in France who buys and sells is a *marchand*, and the *negociant* is but a grade higher; but it is to be hoped that the new London Exchange will rival the architectural beauties of the Parisian Bourse. In my next I propose to take a peep at the Palais Royal; but permit me a passing reflection on the Bourse, for the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* is of no party; it recognises the good, and it stigmatizes the bad, without reference to political colour—is it not deplorable, in a country like France, where so many generous qualities, although interspersed with so much frivolity, exist in the national character, to witness the strong increase of corruption and speculation in the higher and middle classes? The Bourse is now resorted to by Peers and Deputies, as well as bankers and merchants. Ministers are not exempt from the charge of working the telegraph for such jobbing purposes. Ambassadors have been proved, in the court of justice, to have participated in the money-making principle of the day; and as for the *employés* of the Government, with their limited salaries, they have no other resource but to play in the funds, in default of gaming-houses, now prohibited by the law, but which was the Parisian's resource in former days. The Bourse is now, in short, the centralized “hell” of all the abolished “hells!”

FOREIGN POLITICS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Dec. 21.

The political and diplomatic circles are agitated by two topics—the state of the Ministry, and the Spanish question. In respect to the former, there has been no change since my last letter. The Cabinet is still confident that it will weather the session. It has decided that there shall be a royal speech, embracing the home and foreign policy of the Ministry, so as to provoke a full discussion on the address, when the Opposition may try its hand, if it dares, at an amendment. This bold stand of M. Guizot will either secure him a vote of confidence or a glorious fall; but he expects, say his friends, the former. Count Molé is most active in his intrigues, but has met with but a sorry reception as yet. Marshal Valée, who commanded in Africa, is a candidate for Ministerial honours, and hopes to be Minister of War under a Molé administration. The Dufaure-Passy party, or Left Centre, or, as we should call it, Moderate Liberal faction, is now Molé's sheet anchor. We shall have plenty of *manœuvres* before the opening of the Legislature.

The affair of M. Lesseps, as I have before informed you, has been very threatening, and may yet be productive of serious results. The Regent having accused the French Consul of participation in the insurrection, the Cabinet here has replied by giving the latter the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, boldly denying the truth of the allegations brought against its diplomatic agent at Barcelona. Señor Hernandez, the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires, was summoned the other day to the Foreign Office, when M. Guizot spoke to the following effect:—“I am quite indifferent as to the attacks of the Spanish journals on the French Government; I care as little for them as I do for the gossip of the Puerta del Sal, but I cannot permit your chief to libel France.” M. Guizot then quoted some words ascribed to Espartero, as having charged France with being an accomplice in the late insurrection at Barcelona, and concluded by formally demanding of Señor Hernandez that this language shall be disavowed by the Regent. This is as nearly as possible what has passed. It is quite false that the

Regent has demanded the recall of M. Lesseps, and the latest despatches from Madrid announce that the Spanish Cabinet, having examined closely into his conduct at Barcelona, now disapprove of the hasty accusations of Señor Gutierrez, the political chief of Barcelona, who accused the French consul of having fomented the insurrection and aided the insurgents. If Señor Gutierrez cannot prove his case, he must be dismissed, and France will be justly entitled to some reparation from the Spanish Cabinet. The Lesseps affair is, however, not so much the peril. It is the state of the relations between England and France, which may be seriously compromised by the incessant howls of the war party, with which, unfortunately, is now associated the one calling itself Conservative. It is certainly a circumstance of the present times that, go where you will in Paris, whether at the Bourse, in the *foyers* of the theatres, or the *salons* of society, nothing is talked of but a war between France and England. To be sure we are just on the eve of the session, when Louis Philippe likes to assume a belligerent attitude, to prove to his subjects that he is not the slave of Continental Courts. In the Eastern question similar tactics were resorted to, and the war fever was kept up most by the Court organs; but, with an excitable nation like the French, this is dangerous policy, and a fearful result might follow pandering to the worst passions of the populace. Another great danger to France is the system of double policy. There is the open avowal of one of the Cabinet, and there is the underhanded one of the Court. This plan of action causes mistrust and suspicion, and, if evil arises out of the Barcelona events, it will be attributable to the under-current in French intrigue which I alluded to in my last communication. I trust the present storm, like that of 1840, may blow over; but the Peninsula is much more perilous ground to debate upon than the question of making the Mediterranean a French lake, as the French hoped to do, by giving supreme power to the Egyptian Viceroy.

Things theatrical and musical are lively. We have had a *début* at the Académie, in the person of Mademoiselle Flamand, who won the first prize at the *Conservatoire* for singing. Like the many candidates to replace Falcon, it was a failure, although her style was good, and she could boast of a certain intonation and brilliant execution. But then Falcon had dramatic power, and a register which comprehended the *contralto* as well as the *soprano*. Rague not made an indifferent *Robert*, for that was the opera in which Middle Flamand appeared; but Dorus Gras and Levasseur were both superb. In Halevy's “Charles the Sixth,” now in rehearsal, there are two parts for Stoltz and Dorus Gras. Duprez will play the *King*. Meyerbeer is making some changes in the “*Prophet*,” to have the advantage of Barollet's talents in that new opera. Berlioz's “*Bleeding Nun*,” the “*Africane*,” and the “*Duc d'Albe*,” are accepted rivals for the French opera. Pontuer, the cooper and sweetest of tenors, has reappeared after a triumphant tour. The negotiations for Fanny Elssler's return are talked of; but we shall soon have the ballet of the “*Peri*,” with Burgmüller's music. Auber and Scribe's “*Farinelli*” will be out in a few days at the Opera Comique.

At the Odeon, Max, the ex Sub-prefect, has appeared in Racine's “*Orestes*,” the great part of Talmá. M. Max gains ground, as does Madame Duval, in classic tragedy, after being so long the melodramatic heroine. Rachel having ceased to draw, as the theatrical term is, at the Français, is studying *Phédre*. Her *Fredgonde*, in Loncier's stupid tragedy, was a *pasco*. The *Phédre* will be a grand test for Rachel, but her friends are confident. Her marriage with Count Walewski, M. Thiers's friend, is strongly rumoured. Count Walewski was to have been united to Mademoiselle Done, M. Thiers's sister-in-law, with a fortune of £16,000; but his *liaison* with Rachel has broken off the contract. At the Italians we shall have Lablache in a new part, called *Don Pasquale*, a buffo opera, written expressly for him by Donizetti. Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini have characters in this new opera.

Pauline Garcia, freed from the fatigue of a long opera, has been producing a great sensation by her singing of a bravura composed by Balfe for Malibran, as the finale of “*The Maid of Artois*.” The intricacies mastered by Madame Viardot in this scena are marvellous. Nines, eleventh, and all kinds of vocal jumps succeed each other in rapid succession with electrical effect. She gave this composition at Balfe's *soirée* and Mrs. Hampson's *soirée*, both charming concerts. Mrs. Hampson is an unrivalled warbler of Irish melodies: her pathos finds a way to the most stony-hearted Gallic breast, whilst it causes tears to flow from those who understand the words. Oury the violinist, Osborne the pianist, and Menbach the violoncellist, have been the delight of numerous musical reunions. The Count de Castellana will continue his amateur representations at the theatre in his hotel, assisted by the highest fashionables of the capital.

The Cirque Olympique has given us a new spectacle, “*Prince Eugene and the Empress Josephine*,” the action of which passes between 1804 and 1814. We have the passage of Mount St. Bernard, the singing of “*The Marseillaise*” (in which the audience joins), the campaign in Italy, and the retreat from Moscow—we have Josephine in her little house in the Rue Chantierne, then at the Tuileries, and, finally, at Malmaison, now inhabited by Christina. There is the revolt at Rome and the murder of the French Ambassador, a glorious fight with brigands near Milan, and the battle of Smolensk. We have no less than three apothecoses—one realizing the fantastic review of the Champs Elysées, after Burger's ballad. We have the Queen Hortense and the *mise en scène* quite splendid. The costumes are accurate, many being original dresses of Napoleon's days. Lots of firing and charges of cavalry, and, after the fashion at poor Ducrow's, the horses are all writhing—the most intelligent performers.

His Majesty the King of Hanover and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge have contributed to the fund raising to purchase an annuity for the centogenarian Louis Pouchée.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.—The distribution of the prizes took place on Tuesday. That for Latin lyrics was gained by Mr. Brien, and that for the best Latin prose translation, the subject being Lord Strafford's defence, from Hume, was claimed equally by Messrs. Vincent and Clay. After the prizes had been awarded the usual winter speeches were delivered, and most of the young gentlemen distinguished themselves in a manner that was highly creditable both to themselves and their tutors.

THE CONVICTS AT DEPTFORD.—Mr. Marshall, the Roman Catholic pastor of Deptford, lately applied to Mr. Capper, superintendent of convicts, for leave to attend the Catholic convicts on board the hulk in Deptford, in his spiritual capacity. He stated that he was prevented from hearing their confessions, except walking up and down the deck, and that they were obliged to attend the service of the Established Church, and prevented from hearing their own. Mr. Capper returned a polite answer, stating that he would consult some members of the Government on the subject of the reverend gentleman's letter. In a few days after, Mr. Marshall received a letter from Mr. Capper, informing him that he was at perfect liberty to hear the confessions of the convicts in their cells, and to administer to them all the rites of their Church, and that, in future, the Roman Catholic convicts would not be obliged to attend the Divine service of the Established Church.

THE THEATRES.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

While on the one hand there is a general outcry that the drama is in a hopeless decline, on the other new theatres on every side arise, giving the flat denial to such opinions. The fairy temple in Oxford-street has been lighted up, in order to afford the artists and a few friends of those connected with the establishment an opportunity of ascertaining the effect of the new curtain and act-drop (the former painted by Cuthbert, the latter by Tolbin), as well as the *coup d'œil* of the ensemble. To enter into a detail of the gorgeous beauty of decoration so profusely spread over this magic hall would at once fatigue our reader's patience, and render him suspicious of our veracity; let him, therefore, recal to his recollection the most brilliant and glowing description he may have read of that "House of Beauty," *par excellence*, "Al Hambra," and he will then have some notion of the oriental beauty and grandeur of the Princess's Theatre. The house will open on the 26th inst., with the opera of "La Sonnambula," which will be followed by several new productions, chiefly operatic.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

ROSSINI.—It is with considerable regret that we learn this great and original genius is in a most dangerous state of health. We trust that the splendid "Stabat Mater" may not prove to be the exit song of the swan of Pesaro.

LA GIOVANNINA AUSTIN.—Another fair flower has been proudly added to the wreath of English minstrelsy abroad. The Italian journals speak in the most rapturous terms of this young vocalist's performances at the San Carlo of Naples, prognosticating that, at no very distant period, she will be the most brilliant *cantatrice* in Europe. Her voice is an extended and pure soprano of the most touching quality and of the very highest cultivation. Her face and figure are eminently suited to the stage, of which she is already a perfect mistress in the opinion of the severest dilettanti.

VESTRIS.—This veteran of the ballet died last week in Paris at a very advanced age. It seemed that his profession was predestined, for he was actually born behind the scenes on the 27th of March, 1760.

ANECDOTE OF LISZT.—During this great musician's visit to Dublin, being at a *matinée musicale* at the residence of the well-known harmonist Logier, and the conversation turning upon the difficulty experienced by most performers of accurately executing a composition at sight, the company were not a little astonished to hear Liszt underrate the extolled faculty, and declare that, "what he could ever play he could play at once." Upon which Logier, laughing, replied, "Here is a composition of mine which I have just finished; it is a *quatre mains* for the piano-forte, but the primo and secondo are on different pages."—"N'importe," said Liszt, "*ce m'est égal*;" and seating himself at an instrument played the duet, as the composer himself solemnly declared, without a single error, and in a far superior style of effect than he had imagined it capable of by two of the best performers after study.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Christmas piece at this theatre (the joint production of Messrs. Jerrold, Lemon, Mayhew, and à-Beckett) is to be named, "Punch's Pantomime, or Harlequin King John." The witty contributors to the merry "Punch," provided they make their jokes practical (an essential in pantomime), will no doubt be as humorous on the stage as they invariably are on paper; but it is to be regretted that many a clever Christmas piece has failed for the want of this *sine qua non* "nihil."

M. BALFE.—The new opera by this adopted composer of the French is now in rehearsal at the Opera Comique, and will be produced about the middle of February.

CONFUCIUS.—Amongst the novelties set forth in M. Jullien's Chinese Quadrilles is an air composed of two notes by this celebrated philosopher. Little did the disciple of the great Fum-ho think that his "celestial" music should ever be desecrated by the performance of "barbarians" who pretend to a delicacy of auricular appreciation beyond gong-dinning noise and pig-tail monotony. Has M. Jullien any of the compositions of Mencius or any other *lunatic* melodist related to the sun and moon?

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

BYGONE DAYS. A Ballad. The Poetry by a Young Lady. The Music by F. W. MEYMOTT, Esq. Mori and Lavenu.

This ballad (?) does great credit to the composer's musical skill and taste; the melody is pure, and the accompaniment correct and classical, with the exception of bar first, at the bottom of page 2, where the G sharp should be A flat. This, however, is an error which offends the eye more than the ear.

THE NIGHTINGALE TO THE ROSE. Nocturne. The Poetry by a Young Lady. The Music by F. W. MEYMOTT, Esq. Mori and Lavenu.

A graceful and flowing melody; with an accompaniment of more learning than is often to be met with in amateurs' compositions.

MY ARAB MAID. Ballad. Written by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Composed by C. E. HORN. D'Almaine and Co.

This ballad in construction somewhat resembles the popular "Moorish Maid," by the same composer. The melody is graceful, and the accompaniment that of a master. Why do we not hear oftener of Horn? There are few writers of any country who could do better things in either instrumental or vocal composition. The words are pretty, but we object to such epithets as "My stag-eyed fair"—"My Gulshen Rose!"

HIGHLAND NORA. A Ballad. The Poetry by Mrs. CRAWFORD. The Music by C. E. HORN. D'Almaine and Co.

This is a plaintive ballad, slightly and properly tinged with national character, but partaking more of the Irish than Scotch; probably the composer was influenced by the name of Nora, which is common amongst the fair Emeralds.

FELICE DONZELLA. Romance pour le Pianoforte. Par SIGISMOND THALBERG. D'Almaine and Co.

A delicious morceau, full of the great Pianist's peculiarities. The "Canto Marcato" is in the true romance style, and must be exquisite as played by his directions. The *legato* passage which immediately follows it is full of grace and feeling, and the resumption of the *canto*, as an inner part, with a staccato accompaniment, in the happiest vein of the author. The fanciful flittings which subsequently hover about it, like so many brilliant but evanescent coruscations of melodious light (we must go a little out of the way in metaphor to describe them), are beautiful attendants upon the *tema*, and are imagined in the highest inspiration of musical poetry. We recommend this romance as one of the most charming of the author's productions.

RULE BRITANNIA. Arranged as a Rondo for the Pianoforte, and dedicated to the British Navy. By CHARLES CZERNY. D'Almaine and Co.

Although this majestic national air is somewhat stripped of its dignity by being treated with the familiarity of the *rondeau* style,

still it is done with so much grace, and so artfully interwoven with two other airs ("See the Conquering Hero" and "The British Grenadiers"), whose names do not appear on the title-page, that it cannot but become a favourite morceau with all lovers of that elegant and artistic writing which characterises the works of Czerny. We strongly recommend it as being at once very brilliant without being over-difficult.

THE REAL SCOTCH QUADRILLES. Composed at Edinburgh expressly to commemorate the visit of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to Scotland, 1842. By JULLIEN. D'Almaine and Co.

By Jullien! On ne dit pas Monsieur Ciceron—but no matter—these Quadrilles are admirably selected and arranged, and reflect great credit on M. Jullien's judgment and tact, particularly in the variations to the airs; some of which are excellent. They will no doubt, be the rage in the ensuing season. By the way, did M. Jullien intend a pun by "The Real (Real?) Scotch Quadrilles?"

OUR DEAR FIRESIDE. Words by J. CLIFTON, Esq. Music by JOHN PASK. Pask.

An air of little pretension to originality, particularly in its chorus, which is commonplace, but likely to awaken pleasant associations in its performance. The accompaniment is here and there faulty, and deficient in the preservation of figure.

DREAM NOT OF ME. Ballad. Composed by CHARLES E. HORN. D'Almaine and Co.

This is a truly elegant Ballad, or rather Canzonet; it is full of expressive melody, which is beautifully sustained and strengthened by a flowing and characteristic accompaniment.

EAST INDIA HOUSE.

On Wednesday a Quarterly General Court of Proprietors of India Stock was held at their house in Leadenhall-street, pursuant to the terms of the charter. The chair was taken at twelve o'clock, by Sir James Law Lushington, and the minutes of the last Court having been read,

Mr. David Salomons having been called upon, the Hon. Proprietor rose to bring forward the following motion; of which he had on previous Courts given notice:—"That there be laid before the Court of Proprietors an estimate of the expense incurred by the war in Afghanistan to the 31st of December, 1841. That there be laid before the Court of Proprietors a statement of the amount of any loan or loans raised in India, with the rates of interest at which such loan or loans may have been raised since the commencement of the Afghan war. That protest of Mr. Tucker, or of any other individual Director or Directors, against the Afghan war be laid before the Court of Proprietors." The Honourable Proprietor then passed a high eulogium on the conduct of the troops under the command of Generals Nott and Pollock, and more particularly the glorious defence of Jellalabad by Sir Robert Sale, to the conduct of whose heroic lady a great part of our successes might be attributed. He next congratulated the court and the country on the change of policy which had taken place. The policy of Lord Auckland was a great blunder, and it was to the honour of the present Government that they had changed it. He knew that political questions ought not lightly to be entertained by that court; but in a question of this nature it was the duty of the Court of Proprietors to interfere, as that court was better fitted for the discussion of such questions than Parliament; and, notwithstanding that the war was at an end, the policy on which it had been undertaken ought to be discussed, for if it had been undertaken for European objects, the whole expense of it ought not to be thrown upon India alone. It was their duty to watch narrowly the finances of India. In two years the revenue of India had been deficient five millions, and, judging from what took place at the close of the Burmese war, there would be every probability of that deficit increasing. He concluded by moving the resolutions he had proposed be adopted. Mr. Lewis seconded the proposition.

The chairman said he would not enter into the question of the policy of the Afghan war: This subject had been discussed at great length in July last. As to the accounts moved for, the Court of Directors had them in an imperfect shape at present. As those accounts will be called for by Parliament, they would be made out completely, and then laid before the proprietors. As to the next question of the hon. proprietor, he (the chairman) could state that but one loan had been raised. To this five per cent. loan the subscriptions amounted to £3,800,000, and it was considered that it had already been sufficiently productive. With respect to the production of any protest against the Afghan war, made by any of the Court of Directors, that could not (as we understood the chairman to say) be produced. The motion of Mr. Salomons was then put and negatived.

Some conversation then took place about the Rajah of Sattara, whose case has been so often before the public, but the chairman deemed it irregular, and the discussion was postponed until the 8th of February.

HILL COOLIES.—Mr. Jones inquired whether there was any truth in a statement which had been lately published in the *Times* newspaper, and extracted from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, relative to the condition of certain hill coolies who had returned to their native country? The chairman said there was no truth whatever in the statement, and that those hill coolies who had so returned were possessed of sums of money, which to persons in their circumstances amounted to a little fortune.

STATUE OF THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.—Mr. Weeding inquired when the statue of the late Marquis of Wellesley would be placed in one of the niches of the court? The chairman, in reply, said that the work was progressing now satisfactorily, and he hoped it would be finished in a very short time.

THE RAJAH OF SATTARA.—Mr. Lewis inquired when the papers relative to this case would be printed? The chairman said they would be laid on the proprietors' table on the 8th of February. The court then adjourned.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.—It is stated in quarters likely to be well informed, that the official returns of the revenue to the 5th of January, 1843, will exhibit a fearful deficiency, much larger than was shown by the returns of the preceding quarter.

Wednesday last being St. Thomas's Day, wardmotes were held throughout the city for the election of Common Councilmen; and in many of the wards the greatest excitement and anxiety prevailed amongst the rival parties to carry the election of their respective candidates.

On Wednesday night, a fatal accident occurred at Fresh Wharf, London-bridge, to James Anderson, aged 45; mate of the schooner Celerity. He had been spending the evening with some friends, and on his return on board missed his footing, and fell into the river. Drags were immediately procured, and in a few minutes succeeded in finding his body; which was conveyed to a public-house adjoining. A surgeon promptly attended, who used every exertion to restore animation for upwards of three hours without effect. There was a severe cut on the forehead, which it is supposed he had received in falling.

EVERY BODY'S COLUMN.

TO R*****A.

I.	II.
Tell me the hour—	Tell me the hour,
The sweet sad hour,	The sweet, sad hour—
When thou art resign'd	When thou art all rapt
To mem'ry's pow'r—	In music's pow'r!
When thy lip is not wreath'd	When thy lute is not strung
With affected mirth,	For the cold or gay—
And thy words are not breath'd	And thy spirit hath flung
For the dull cold earth!	Its light mirth away!
When thy heart-dews are wept,	When thy soul is subdued
And thy fancies receive,	Into twilight repose,
Fresh sweetness of thought	And thy soft voice is heard
From the tears that they leave!	Like the sigh of a rose!
Tell me that hour,	Tell me the hour,
That lonely hour—	That lonely hour—
I'll then be a pilgrim,	I'll then be a pilgrim,
Sweet salnt; to thy bow'r!	Sweet salnt; to thy bow'r!—W.

TO THE SAME.

You know the legends of that sweet lake,*
Where a Prince forsook the world to dwell
In those wat'ry bow'rs that the Naiads make
Deep, far away from the surface-swell!
I dreamt we were there, and your sad pale smile
Was upward turned to a lonely isle,
That gleam'd in the morning sunshine fair,
And you wept as you fix'd your dark eye there!
And you murmur'd a word:—it was "Happiness"—
'Tis always methinks a mournful sound,—
But sigh'd in your languid loveliness,
A sweeter sorrow could not be found!
I watch'd the word as it upward flew
On the wings of your breath to the outside-wave,
And saw it expire:—on the misty blue
Of the fair Loch Lena it found its grave!

Alas! and can the world's distress
Blight e'en the name of happiness?—W.

* Killarney: anciently Loch Lena.

CEREMONY OF THE BOAR'S HEAD AT CHRISTMAS.
The boar's head, souse'd, was anciently the first dish on Christmas-day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity. Hollinshed says, "That in the year 1170, upon the day of the young Prince's coronation, King Henry I. served his sonne at table as sewer, bringing up the boar's head with trumpets before it, according to the manner."

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.
The period of the festivities of Christmas, which continues in Sweden till the 6th of January, is dedicated to universal rejoicings. Presents are made, the receivers of which are required to guess the givers. The people have also a custom of knocking at each other's doors at this season. On the 24th of December a crier solemnly proclaims the peace of Christmas—(Julafred). In virtue of this, the punishment of all offences against social order is double that incurred at any other period of the year. The proclamation of the peace of Christmas is a custom of great antiquity, and extends over the whole kingdom, and nothing is suffered to disturb the tranquillity of the season. Symbols of this rite are to be discovered on the old Runic stones.

A curious experiment is now being made at the head of the chain-pier, Brighton—that of raising fresh water from below the ocean by means of an Artesian well. It is intended to bore to the extent of 70 feet, at which depth the chalk formation will, it is expected, be penetrated; and fresh water obtained, which will be applied to the formation of an *jet d'eau*. The attempt, if successful, will be a most interesting work of art and science, as well as a great acquisition to the pier.

SPLENDID SIGHT.

Two hours after the Oriental left Malta, on the 28th of November, about half-past five o'clock, when getting dusk, the passengers and crew most clearly saw Mount Etna in eruption, the Oriental at the time bearing N.E. 105 miles. This beautiful sight was kept in view for five hours. The captain states such an occurrence has not been witnessed for twenty years.

THE GERMAN RHINE.

They shall not—shall not have it,*
Our free-sprung German Rhine,
Though, hoarse as famished ravens,
They round it croak and whine.
So long its winding current
Shall wear its dark-green vest—
So long as plashing boat-oar
Shall cleave its rippling breast.
They shall not—shall not have it,
Our free-sprung German Rhine,
So long as hearts are gladden'd by
Its spirit-stirring wine;
So long, beneath its eddies,
As rocks shall firmly stand—
So long as lofty battlements
Shine mirror'd 'neath its strand.

They shall not—shall not have it,
Our free-sprung German Rhine,
Till amorous youths and maidens
Forsake the marriage shrine;
Long as its depths can shelter
A fish among their sands;
So long as songs shall echo
From minstrels' lips and hands;
They shall not—shall not have it,
Our free-sprung German Rhine,
Till, buried 'neath its surges,
Our last man's bones decline.

* Alluding to the ambitious designs of the French in reference to the Wine-river.

ANSWER TO AYCIL.

Sir, your riddle's quite plain;
'Tis a thing that they stick
On the back of a letter—
Some call it "A Vic."

ENIGMA.

Near Paul's our dwelling long hath been;
We are an aged pair;
Though oft in spectacles we're seen,
No spectacles we wear.
Plantagenet and Tudor both
With us have sat at meat;
Guelph, Stuart, Nassau, nothing loth,
Have bow'd them at our feet.
Sir Matthew (heir to Jenny's goods),
He is our cousin fair;
We're all descended from the Woods—
Now tell us who we are.—LIGNUM.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

What most extraordinary men are these reporters of the English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these; who pursue their avocation in all countries indifferently, and accommodate themselves at will to the manners of all classes of society; their fluency of style as writers is only surpassed by their facility of language in conversation, and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world, acquired by an early introduction into its bustling scenes. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information are truly remarkable. I saw them, during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, while the mitraille was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against those seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Finsbury-square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christiano guerrillas in some of their most desperate raids, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.—*Borrow's Bible in Spain.*

BACHELORS HELD IN DISHONOUR.

Lycurgus, as we are told by Plutarch, thought that it would be an effectual mode of encouraging matrimony to deprive, as he did by a special law, bachelors of that honour and respect which he commanded the young to pay to the old. Hence, he says, nobody expressed any displeasure at the conduct of a young man to Dercyllides, an eminent commander: he happened to appear one day in a company, when a young man not only refused to rise and yield his seat to him, but made this severe observation—"You have no child to yield a seat to me when I am old?"



BEHOLD, in anticipation of Christmas jollities, a pantomimic scene—*Harlequin and Columbine* lightly footing to some graceful measure—the lean *Pantaloon* skipping in long-sleeved wonder and admiration of the prominent gentleman who dances upon three legs—the lover leading aside his mistress to whisper soft nothings aloof from the throng of cynic-looking soldiers, bearded priests, mailed knights, and half-Othello dominoes here introduced from the comic quarto noticed in our last week's paper.* And fairly does this volume claim precedence of all more serious matters at this merry time. We have in it a new version of the life and adventures of our old friend Robinson Crusoe, "done into verse by a second *Daniel*," wherein all his mishaps, scenes, voyages, and adventures give scope for successive pages of Ingoldsby rhymes, illustrated in this style:—



HOW DOES IT LOOK?

"Having worn out the clothes that he brought from the ship,
He sees that he wants much the aid of a snip;
So resolves in the best way himself to equip,—
And builds him a garment,
Excessively 'varmint,'
Which, though not a Nugee,
Yet fits free and easy;
And though D'Orsay might fancy it not quite the thing,
Mr. Crusoe considers it fit for a king."

Laman Blanchard says "something about the reader," hitting off in his own happy style the quiet peculiarities of those who read. One face has been omitted, and a good-humoured sketch it would have been—the reader of "The Comic Album." Hippodromery—the oddities of horsemanship, a cockney demonstration of the principles and practices of elegant equestrianism—is in fun. The income-tax is made (most mighty of achievements!) pleasantly interesting—whilst the new tariff affords us a cut:—

TAKING A CHOP WITH A FRIEND.

The portraits are sketchily and cleverly pencilled in, and tell of the "advantages that living artists still have over the sun: for the sun never flatters." "Behind the Scenes" initiates the reader into some secrets of the *corps dramatique*, which we are almost tempted to extract with their real-life illustrations, but must hasten on, not staying even for the ballet—the poetry of motion—to take just one



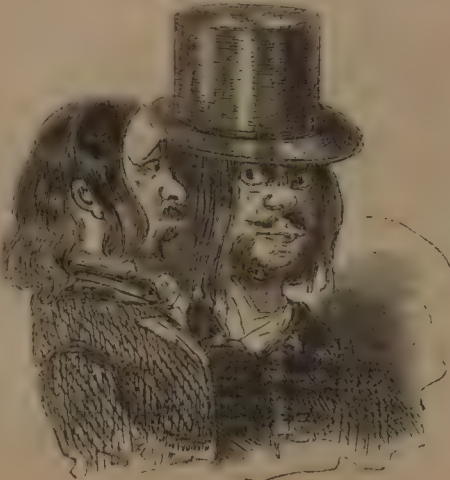
TAKING A CHOP WITH A FRIEND.

Touch from the Toilet, a wittily-illustrated disquisition upon the hair and beard:—



A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR.

From the final chapter of this book of fun, we make space for a story, but cannot refrain from again expressing a favourable opinion of the volume, and a hearty hope that it will speedily fulfil the indication of its title-page by becoming the book for every table. The *getting up*, with its arabesque cover in crimson, blue and gold, the thick profusion of wood-cuts studding every



page, and brought up in the best style of art, reminds us forcibly of the only parallel piece of printing—"Lockhart's Spanish Ballads." Both are from the press of Messrs. Vizetelly, and do great credit to their correct taste and pains-taking execution. With this good word for the printer we turn again to our extract.

A FUNNY STORY.

"I say, Mr. Poague," bawls Master Tom, "please tell us a funny story."—"Funny story, my young calimanco? Come, then—Did you ever hear of the Marsh Mockan, the big snake of North America, that eats a couple of live oxen and half-a-dozen little boys every morning for breakfast, and thinks nothing of it?"—"No; do tell us about him."—"Well, then, let me see—no, I'll tell you about him some other time. I know something you'll like; you shall hear all about the sexton of Saragossa."—"Please, sir, whereabouts is Saragossa?"—"In Ballinamara Boe, my little dear. Well, this sexton went into the churchyard one day to dig a grave for an old miser, that had starved himself to death in a coal cellar." Here Mr. Poague groaned shudderingly, and the flesh of his young audience crept.—"Oh, go on, sir, please go on."—"Well, then, the sexton began digging the grave, and he dug, and dug, and dug; and first he threw up a thighbone, and then a skull, and then he came to an old coffin. So he began scraping away the dirt to see whose it was, and he heard a voice say—"Oh gracious!" interrupted the children. "Hubbaboo diddledy doo, whiskey giddledy wobbledy baw—that's Latin, my little dears. 'Hallo!' says he, 'who's there?' 'Put in your pickaxe, and you'll see,' cries the voice inside. So he just put in the end of his pickaxe—something gave it a tug—and when he pulled it out"—(the funny gentleman paused for a moment, with a look most supernaturally owlish, which was reflected by the sympathetic little ones)—"the end of it—an inch and a half—was gone: it had been bitten off like a carrot."

AMERICAN TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.—Some months ago, a Dr. Peake, formerly of Prince William county, Virginia, and lately of Palmyra, Mississippi, arrived at Columbia, with a lady and child, supposed to be his wife and daughter, and took lodgings at the hotel. He had during that time acquired the respect of the community and much professional reputation. A few days since a gentleman (whose name is not now recollected, but who is also a resident of Palmyra) landed at Columbia and presented a letter of introduction to a gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom he informed that Dr. Peake had been his friend and family physician at Palmyra, where he had long enjoyed a lucrative practice. That about six months ago his wife had expressed an earnest desire to visit a relative in one of the northern counties of the Mississippi, to which, unsuspecting of wrong, he had yielded his consent, and she accordingly left Palmyra, taking with her their daughter, about six years old; that immediately afterwards Dr. Peake left Palmyra, without making known to any one his object or destination. A few weeks after Dr. Peake's departure, the unsuspecting husband received a letter from his Mississippi friends, stating that his wife had eloped with a stranger, who had appeared in the neighbourhood soon after his wife's arrival there, carrying with her the child, but that no clue to their hiding-place had been discovered by her friends. The husband made diligent search and inquiry for the fugitives, but without success, till about a fortnight ago, when he was informed by a steam-boat captain that he had seen Dr. Peake at Columbia. To this spot the husband immediately repaired, carrying credentials of his own standing, and a letter of introduction to the gentleman to whom, on landing at Columbia, he related the story of his wrongs. He then informed this gentleman that he only desired to recover his child, and would only use force in case of resistance. Accompanied by the gentleman (who at once espoused his cause), he went to the boarding-house, and without ceremony entered the room occupied by Dr. Peake and his adulterous wife. On entering he immediately secured his child, and on an attempt of Dr. P. to interpose, he drew a pistol, and, directing it towards Dr. Peake, threatened him with instant death if he advanced. The doctor's interference being thus arrested, the unhappy man bore his child off without further hindrance. A few minutes afterwards he received a message from his wife, praying an interview, which he granted on condition that it should take place in the presence of witnesses. Accordingly, he repaired with several of the citizens of the town to her apartment, where he was speedily interrupted by the approach of Dr. Peake, armed with a pistol. He immediately stepped to the door, and, drawing his pistol, fired, and wounded Dr. P., who, however, continued to advance upon him with angry and menacing gestures. The husband, who, throughout the whole affair, acted with extraordinary coolness, then drew a bowie-knife, and, rushing upon Dr. P., before the latter could fire his pistol, plunged it into his heart. The doctor fell and immediately expired, his adversary exclaiming, "There dies a villain—once my dearest friend, who first destroyed my happiness, and deserved death, but who has rushed on his own destruction." We understand that the miserable wife has been provided for by her husband, but remains at Columbia, abandoned by him and her daughter, and a wretched out-cast from all virtuous society.

THE PRINCESS OF COBURG.—We learn from Coburg, Dec. 13th, that the Hereditary Princess has been attacked by scarlet fever, but that hopes were entertained of a prompt cure.

Rifaat Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador at the Court of Austria, arrived at Vienna on the 11th inst., and had a conference with Prince Metternich on the following day.

DEATH OF MISS MURRAY.—This well known actress died on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, from an attack of the English cholera. She performed at the Adelphi on Monday week for the last time.

STRANDED WINE.—One hundred and forty-five hogsheads of claret (being about 700 gallons) have been picked up between Jury's Gap and Dover, and lodged in the storehouses of the Lord Warden. Some of the claret is of superior quality. It is supposed to have formed part of the cargo of a polacca-rigged vessel, from the circumstance of a mast and rigging belonging to such a description of vessel having also been picked up. As yet, no part of the wine has been claimed. The marks can be ascertained at the Custom-house, Dover, and possibly the owners or consignees may yet come forward.

The postal convention between Austria and Saxony, for an uniform rate of postage, will come into operation, says a letter from Dresden, on the 1st of April next.



MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE AND MRS. ALFRED SHAW.

After a long interregnum of poverty, the English stage may be said to be in a fair way of once more becoming affluent in song. Since the days of Mara and Billington, "few and far between" were the "visits" of those whose merits rose beyond mediocrity: fine voices there were enough, but true singing was, in general, most shamefully neglected, or, it would seem, despised. The vocalist who could sweetly or loudly carol or bawl a ballad was held to be perfect in the vocal art. None of the higher emotions capable of being excited by the dramatism of song were ever dreamt of—none of the confusions of passion which music can so faithfully depict were attempted. The ballad or ballad rondeau were the height of a would-be popular singer; and the audience that would fall asleep over Braham's "Deeper and deeper still," would be in active uproar of ecstasy at his "Scots wha hae" or "Bay of Biscay, O!" Happily, times are changed for the better; and we cannot have a fairer proof of it than in the persons of the two ladies whom we have represented in the parts of *Semiramide* and *Arsace*. The scene is taken from that portion of the drama, in which the *giorno d'orrore* of the fatal and criminal love of Babylon's Queen breaks in upon her for the first time. The celebrated duet sung at this crisis has ever been a favourite from its simplicity and melody; and again from the facility it affords assorting voices to mingle in "sweetness [long drawn out:] but we question very

much if its character strictly be in keeping with the feelings of the situation. Be that as it may, it is always a charming *morceau* when well sung; and never was its performance more delightful than as it has been given by the above-mentioned fair artistes. They seem to flow.

In murmurs like two sister streams
In valley gliding soft what time the moonlight beams!

The double cadence at the close was admirably constructed and as exquisitely given, particularly (without the slightest invidious comparison) by Mrs. Alfred Shaw, who, being the *second*, had the additional duty of narrowly watching and sympathising with the varied and finished *nuances* of her coadjutrix, which she performed with a *curiosa felicitas* of expression and fidelity. It was certainly the gem of the opera, and cannot fail to shine most brilliantly wherever it may be presented by these two distinguished ornaments to English song! What a pity that the revival of "Artaxerxes" will not have the valuable aid of Miss Kemble's powers! We mean no disparagement to the acknowledged and highly-prized merits of Miss Rainforth; on the contrary, we speak so from a wish to hear the three first female vocalists of the day together in our national opera. The part of *Semira* is no despicable one.

having at the back a border of silver, the front ornamented with a hanging plume. In the same box was a young lady dressed in a robe of sky-blue gauze, with three flounces; the corsage was half high, the sleeves short, draped, and ornamented with knots of ribbons. Her coiffure was à la Sevigne, the hair adorned with a crown of two branches in mixed flowers, of which the effect altogether was very striking. As it is not possible to complete a toilette perfectly without the aid of a well-made corset, assisted by an under petticoat, which shall be at once supple, full, and keep its shape, let me recommend to you a new invention which has lately appeared here, and which is called the *tissu crinoline*, and which has met with the greatest success amongst our leading *merveilleuses*. The inventor has introduced this crinoline in such a way as to bid fair to supersede completely the ancient under petticoats and bustles. In his tissues, such as flannel, Cashmere, silk, Thibets, or merinoes, he has contrived imperceptibly to introduce horse-hair in the fabric, so that in wool-lens, silks, or Cashmeres its presence is not seen, whilst, at the same time, it affords to the stuff into which it is introduced all the support that is required, without in the slightest degree injuring its appearance, its softness, or its warmth. As regards the ornaments and trimmings most in use amongst our *élégantes*, I have been much struck with coiffures and trimmings for robes composed entirely of feathers, and of flowers made of that material; nothing can surpass the elegance, the airy lightness of this description of ornament, which, I assure you, at the present moment plays a very important part in the dresses of our Parisian belles. I cannot conclude my letter without remarking upon the extreme to which the luxury of pocket-handkerchiefs is carried at present; they are, as regards workmanship, taste, richness of ornament, and trimming, really wonderful. I had almost forgotten to state that garlands of roses and grapes are still quite the mode; they are worn rather on one side, and the wreath surrounds the hair entirely, and has a very classical and peculiar effect, which must be seen to be duly appreciated.

HENRIETTE DE B.

THE CHURCHES OF THE METROPOLIS.—No. XX.

NEW CHURCH, PADDINGTON.

The churches of London exhibit signs of the times. In the days of Sir Christopher, the good citizens all lived in the heart of the town, behind their shops and above their warehouses; and, accordingly, a church rose up in each parish until London was crowded with towers, domes, and spires, of every shape, character, and style. But, as time went on, and tastes changed, the city far outstepped the old boundary; large suburbs grew up on every side—and, riches increasing, the Londoners began to appreciate the purer air of these out-town habitations. Small villas sprung up in each direction—the houses of the aristocracy and the wealthiest proprietors stretched farther and farther westward, until at length steam-boats and railroads came into play, and the City has at last become a place of mere business rather than of abode. Every man in anything like easy circumstances lives "out of the smoke," and the result is that the churches in the City are almost empty, whilst a necessity arises in all the suburbs for extra church accommodation. To meet this demand, as our readers are aware, there is a Government commission for building new churches, together with a society having a similar object in view. The commissioners, in their report for 1841, state that *two hundred and eighty-one new churches* had been completed in various parts of England; in their report for 1842 they add that fifteen others had been erected of which number one was at Camberwell, another at Streatham, and three in Bethnal-green. That twenty-four others are now in course of building; of which number one is in Wilton-place, Pimlico; another at Paddington (which forms our illustration); a third in the Broadway, Westminster; a fourth in Clarence-street, Southwark; and two others at Bethnal-green. In addition to all these, the commissioners state they have made conditional grants to a great number of other places, and amongst them we find new churches for Waterloo district, Lambeth; Camberwell, Newington, Southwark, Turk's-row, Chelsea; Whitechapel; two in St. Pan-

cras; two at Woolwich; one in St. John's, Westminster; and three in St. Margaret's, Westminster! Thus we find that little more than twelve months has added eleven new churches to London and the vicinity, with fourteen others in progress; making together twenty-five!

Of such of these buildings as are worthy, we propose to give illustrations, commencing with the New Church, Paddington, which stands at the termination of the range of mansions recently erected in a line with the New-road, and not many hundred yards from the Notting-hill road, near Bayswater.

No old church of London but has its knot of memories. Linked to its name and connected with its locality they form a subject for much interesting remark and thoughtful consideration. Some claim, perhaps, a rich merchant, who, beginning with thrift and steady carefulness and honest perseverance, continued in an upward course to plenty, then to riches, then to wealth—his rich galleons gathering for him and his the choicest fruits and goodliest produce of many a "far country"—until he gained the crowning glory of the citizen of good old times by becoming Lord Mayor, leaving a rich legacy to found almshouses. Another old church boasts the bones of a poet—one, who, casting off the bonds of earth, revelled in the bright regions of fervid imagination—another claims, it may be, a statesman; a fourth a painter, or a wit, or historian. Not so, however, with a new church. Independent of the sacred purpose for which it is raised it must rest for interest upon the beauty of the building, or upon its being *something new*, and therefore having legitimate claim to place in a newspaper. Still there is less scope for description. On the Hyde-park side of Paddington elegant buildings are rapidly springing up. Streets, squares, and crescents rear themselves where a few years since all was an open field. The style and architectural character of some of these buildings is bold and successful. The new church is Gothic, with a tower and spire; it is built to accommodate 1600 persons; 1000 in pews and 600 in free seats. For its erection a specific grant was made by the commissioners; the first stone was laid in 1841, and the time for its final completion is stated as March 1843. The architects whose plans were approved were Messrs. Goldcott and Gutch, but the former gentleman having died the building is being finished by the latter.



NEW CHURCH, PADDINGTON.

A POLITICAL DUEL.—At an early hour on Saturday last, a hostile meeting took place between J. P. Stanfield, Esq., of Marford House, Surrey, and Sir Robert Cardington, of Wilford. The parties, accompanied by their respective seconds and a medical gentleman, met on Westwood-common, and an exchange of shots took place without effect. The seconds then interfered, but failed in effecting any adjustment of the affair, and the principals were again placed in a hostile position, the distance being twelve paces, and the firing simultaneously. At the second discharge the ball from Mr. Stanfield's pistol took effect on the right arm of his opponent, severely shattering the bone near the elbow, whilst the ball from Sir Robert's pistol glanced across the left shoulder of Mr. Stanfield, passed completely through the collar of that gentleman's coat, without inflicting any injury. The affair then terminated. The misunderstanding arose at a late anti-corn law meeting held at Wilford, and at which the two gentlemen took opposite views of the question.

THE KING OF HANOVER.—A letter from Hanover, Dec. 11, in the *Journal de Frankfort*, says:—"It is stated that the King intends to visit England after the marriage of the Prince Royal, for the purpose of consulting his former physician, Sir Henry Hallford, his confidence in German physicians having diminished considerably since the death of Stieglitz."

Sir R. Peel has given £150 out of what is called the Royal Bounty, to be applied for the benefit of Mrs. Dwyer, sister of the late Sir Sydney Smith. The case was brought to the Premier's notice by Miss Jane Porter and Mr. Emerson Tennent. Her son, who was bred to the sea, has got a berth on board the *Thunderbolt*.

ROYAL SCANDAL.—A French legitimist journal, which passes for being well informed on the most minute details of what passes at court, makes the following statement:—"When it was in contemplation to instal the Duke of Nemours as future regent in the Palace of the Tuilleries, it was proposed to the Duchess of Orleans to yield her apartment to the Duke of Nemours, and to remove her Royal Highness to a small apartment in the Pavilion of Flora, close to that occupied by Madame Adelaide, the King's sister. This arrangement would have the advantage of giving to the Duke of Nemours a more spacious apartment, and would likewise place the Duchess Helène and her children under the eyes of Louis Philippe and the Queen. This application was first made by a third person, to whom the Duchess communicated her refusal. When this fact was made known to certain great personages, they reiterated their proposal and their desires; but the Princess Helène declared plainly, 'that too many recollections connected with her husband had rendered those apartments so dear to her, that she could not consent to abandon them.' It was even added, and we guarantee this fact, that she would not quit her apartments except by force, and by a formal order, but that she expected that her feelings would be spared that shock. This determined language had the desired effect, and the Duchess of Orleans occupies her ancient apartments. The Duke of Nemours continues to be as reserved and as cold as usual. A demand of 1,000,000*fr.* for the education of the Count de Paris, is to be made at the meeting of the Chambers."



THE FASHIONS.

Paris, Rue Chaussée d'Antin, 20th December, 1842.

Mon cher Monsieur,—We are now approaching closely on New Year's-day, and Heaven only knows what preparations are in progress to render this day more sumptuous, more memorable than ever. Every novelty that taste or ingenuity can invent is taxed to give éclat to the festivities attendant upon the season. My only difficulty will, therefore, be in the selection from the innumerable novelties which present themselves in our fashionable places of resort. Let me, therefore, commence by a humble description of costumes which appeared at a late representation at the Théâtre Italien, where it was my good fortune to be present. In an adjoining box I remarked a costume which appeared to me to possess in equal proportions the charms of novelty and good taste. It was composed of a robe of cut velvet, formed after the Greek, in front of which glittered a brooch of most splendid brilliants, arranged in a fashion entirely new. The same lady wore with her hair, which was arranged in round bands, an English coiffure, ornamented with a wreath of roses, over which the lace was turned back, and which had a very particular and charming effect. Not far from my another toilette arrested our attention. It consisted of a robe of satin Pompadour, cherry-coloured and white, with small sleeves draped with lace. The berthe had a double row of point d'Argentan; the skirt opened on the side upon a bouillonne of white satin. Upon the head was worn a coiffure of velvet,

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

PRIZE MONEY.

HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP WANDERER.—The officers and crew of this vessel, when under the command of the Hon. Captain Denman, and engaged in the capture of the slave schooners Josephine and Pombinha, in May and July 1840, will be paid the proceeds arising from a moiety of the hulls and cargoes, and tonnage bounties, of these vessels, on the 29th instant, in the following proportions:—Flag (only for the Josephine), £36 16s.; Commander, £102 5s. 8d.; first class, £34 4s.; second class, £20 10s. 6d.; third class, £10 5s.; fourth class, £6 16s. 6d.; fifth class, £3 8s. 6d.; sixth class, £2 5s. 6d.; seventh class, £1 2s. 9d.

HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP COLUMBINE.—A distribution of a moiety of the proceeds arising from the sale of the hulls and cargoes, &c., of the Portuguese brigs Dois Irmãos, Vigilante, and Bom Fim, is announced to be made on the 29th inst., in the annexed proportions to the officers and crew of the Columbine, 16,—being captures made by this vessel under Commander George Elliot, in November and December 1839:—Flag, £186 3s.; Commander, £349; first class, £109 1s. 5d.; second class, £65 8s. 9d.; third class, £32 14s. 6d.; fourth class, £21 16s. 3d.; fifth class, £10 8s.; sixth class, £7 5s. 6d.; seventh class, £3 12s. 6d.

HER MAJESTY'S BRIGANTINE LYNX.—The officers and company of this vessel who, when under the orders of Commander Broadhead, captured in April 1840, the Portuguese slave-schooner Olympia, are to be paid on the 29th inst. the following proportionate sums, being a portion of the proceeds of the hull and cargo of the vessel, and the bounty granted for slaves captured in their rich prize:—Flag, £108 19s. 8d.; commander, £204 7s.; second class, £106 16s. 8d.; third class, £53 8s. 4d.; fourth class, £35 12s.; fifth class, £17 16s.; sixth class, £11 17s. 6d.; seventh class, £5 18s. 6d.

HER MAJESTY'S BRIG, BUZZARD.—Another lot of prize-money is advertised to be distributed to the officers and company of this vessel, being the proceeds of the hull, cargo, and tonnage bounty of the Portuguese slave-schooner Adelaide, captured by the Buzzard, in April 1840, while under the command of their Acting-Lieutenant, Walter J. Pollard. The proportions are:—Flag, £19 7s. 5d.; commander £36 6s. 5d.; second class, £18 3s. 2d.; third class, £9 1s. 7d.; fourth class, £6 1s.; fifth class, £3 0s. 6d.; sixth class, £2 0s. 4d.; seventh class, £1 0s. 2d.

The Marquis of Anglesea is to succeed the late Lord Hill in the Colonelcy of the Blues; and Sir Edward Kerrison, from the 14th Light Dragoons, will succeed the noble marquis in the command of the 7th Hussars.

The 26th, 41st, and 49th Regiments have been placed under orders to return home. They are to leave India for this country about the beginning of February next. The 26th and 49th have proceeded from China to Bengal.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR FREDERICK WETHERALL.—We are sorry to have to record the death of this gallant officer, which took place at Ealing on Sunday last, in his 88th year. He entered the service in 1775, as an ensign of the 17th Foot, the colonelcy of which he held from February 1840 up to his death, and has consequently been in the army upwards of 66 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

AN EMEUTE AT NORFOLK ISLAND.—A plan was made by the boat's crew employed in unloading the Governor Philip to take the schooner Coquette, but this was defeated, and the parties were imprisoned on board. On the morning of the 21st June, at seven o'clock, the boat's crew were let out of the prison for the purpose of stowing the cargo of the launch, which was hanging to the stern of the brig. On reaching the deck, and seeing only two soldiers and the sergeant there, the crew took advantage of the absence of the other ten, of which the guard consists, and rushed on the other two sentries and threw them overboard; the sergeant immediately shot one of them, named Kelly, when he was knocked down by the others and severely wounded with a belaying pin. One of the soldiers was drowned, and the other saved by a prisoner named Wolfe. The seamen were then ordered into the launch, except two, who were told to remain on deck, and one of them was placed at the wheel, with a prisoner, of the name of Moss, to assume the command. The captain, with his officers happened to be below, and before they could proceed on deck the companion hatch was put on, the fore and main hatches were also battened down on the rest of the guard and crew, and the mutineers were thus in complete possession of the vessel, but without any arms, except the pistols and cutlasses taken from the two sentries. Shortly after they had taken the vessel, one of the party proposed to Captain Boyle to furnish them with provisions, water, &c., on obtaining which they would give up the vessel to him and proceed to sea in the "island" launch; but he refused to comply with their proposals, as he knew that the vessel must ultimately fall into his hands again, the prisoners being without provisions and water, to obtain which they must necessarily expose themselves to the fire of the crew and military, who were well armed, and only waited for an opportunity to get on deck. Captain Boyle then broke the cabin skylight, and watched for an opportunity of shooting the man at the wheel; and, by a well-directed shot, he at length succeeded, and killed him on the spot. On the fall of the two master spirits, the others told the seamen who were on deck that the ship was theirs again. The hatch was taken off, and the ship's crew and the military rushed on deck; the latter fired on the surviving mutineers, killed three and wounded two mortally. The sergeant of the guard shot the corporal in the scuffle, mistaking him for one of the prisoners. The bodies of the killed presented a dreadful spectacle: one man's head was covered with blood and brains, and, but for the interposition of Captain Boyle, the whole of the prisoners would have been killed. The guard and crew consisted of twenty-eight men, exclusive of officers; and it certainly says little for their vigilance or prowess that such an attempt could have been made with any chance of success by a handful of unarmed men. The total number of killed and wounded are:—Military, one drowned and two wounded; seamen, one wounded; prisoners, five killed and two severely wounded. The seven remaining mutineers were fully committed to take their trial for murder and piracy.—From the *Hobart Town paper*.

There are at present five vessels in the East India, West India, London, and St. Katharine's Docks, loading for the island of Hong-Kong (lately ceded by the Chinese to her Majesty in perpetuity) and Macao. Two of these had commenced loading prior to the late glorious intelligence from India and China. There are now 224 vessels in the docks, entered outwards at the Custom-house for foreign ports. We regret to state, however, that there is nearly that number in the docks, either for sale or unemployed. A general impression prevails, however, that the ensuing spring will give better prospects for the shipping interest, and we trust the impression will be fully realised.

THE HINDOSTAN STEAM SHIP.—Letters from the commander and some of the passengers of this steamer have been received in town, dated October 22, off the Island of Ascension, advising their arrival there all well. The Hindostan, after replenishing her stock

of fuel there, by taking on board a quantity of patent fuel from the Government store, would proceed to her next stage, the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the Mauritius, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, steaming the whole distance from England to India. She is expected at Suez, from Calcutta, &c., on February 10.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

LORD STANLEY, AND THE LEADERSHIP IN THE LORDS.—On the retirement of Lord Hill from the Horse Guards, and the appointment of the Duke of Wellington as his successor, we stated, on the credit of an authority worthy of regard, that the Duke would not, as he ought not, retain the post of government leader in the Lords, with that of head of the army as Commander-in-Chief. We also stated it was contemplated by Sir Robert Peel, that the leadership in the Lords should be confided to Lord Stanley; who was to be created a peer, in order to give him a seat in that assembly. The probability of such arrangement being adopted we showed from a variety of circumstances, tending to make it desirable to the Premier, who would thus relieve himself in debate from the encumbrance of Lord Stanley; and conciliatory to the "fiery Tybalt," who had felt himself neglected, and even snubbed, by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons. Some of our contemporaries affected to despise, and others openly contradicted, the intention of such a move, and the affair slept. It is, however, now openly talked of in every club-house, and in all other circles in which politics are discussed, with the addition, that there exists a division in the Cabinet on the proposed move; Lord Aberdeen's pretensions to the post being supported by one section, and Lord Stanley's by another; and that the latter's party is the strongest. [We give the above as a mere rumour which we extract from the *Globe*.]

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF POISONING SEVEN CHILDREN.—The following extraordinary case of poisoning of seven children, belonging to St. Saviour's Charity School, in the Borough, occurred on Tuesday morning, which in one instance has already terminated fatally, and the lives of six others have been put in great jeopardy. It appears that a boy named William Chambers, belonging to the school, who lives with his parents in Castle-street, in the Borough, was going thither, and on his way he picked up a small packet in the street, which contained a considerable quantity of powder of a yellowish cast. He took it with him to the school, and having tasted some of it himself, and finding it to be sweet, he gave a portion of it to six others, named Westwood, Lester, Clark, Field, Wood, and Talby, who also partook of it. On their leaving school, at 12 o'clock, the boys were severely taken ill with sickness and vomiting, and acute pains in the bowels. Alarm was excited, and they were questioned, when they acknowledged what they had been taking. Mr. Wood, surgeon, of Worcester-street, was immediately sent for, and a portion of the powder shown to him, which he pronounced to be arsenic. Prompt measures were adopted, and the usual antidotes administered, but Westwood having taken a greater quantity than the others, sunk under it, and expired in the latter part of the day. Chambers, the boy who found the powder, and another, named Lester, lie in a very dangerous condition. The four other boys, who had partaken more sparingly of it, are in a very exhausted state, although strong hopes are entertained that they will recover.

FIRES IN THE METROPOLIS.—On Tuesday evening, a few minutes before eight o'clock, an alarming fire broke out at 41, Dodington-grove, near the entrance of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, Kennington, the residence of Mr. E. F. Saville, the well-known comedian. The back-parlour, in which the fire originated, together with the whole of the furniture, was completely destroyed; the flames had also burnt through the ceiling to the room above, which was much damaged. Mr. Saville and family were from home at the time. An infant son of Mr. Saville narrowly escaped death by suffocation. The damage on the present occasion is estimated at £200.—George Austins, who resided at Ford's-folly, Battersea, expired on Tuesday morning, in St. George's Hospital, through his clothes catching fire on Sunday last, whilst standing before the fire at his house at Battersea. Before the flames could be extinguished he was burnt in a shocking manner in some parts of the body, almost as black as a coal. Everything was resorted to that the nature of his case admitted of, but he never rallied.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.—A court of aldermen was held on Tuesday for the discharge of important public business previous to the Christmas recess. The companies of patten-makers, cutlers, and merchant tailors attended the court, when, by consent of all parties, Fras. Fuller, Esq., and H. F. Gadsden, Esq., were translated from the two former to the latter company. The police committee presented a report recommending the appointment of two proper persons as inspectors of weights and measures, in co-operation and assistance with the wardmote inquests, which was agreed to, and the committee instructed to prepare a statement of duties, and to consider of the salary to be allowed. The court, on a report from the same committee, agreed unanimously to admit Mr. T. Brewer to the freedom of the city, as the gift of the court, in approbation of his services connected with the corporation in situations filled by him. They also agreed to allow Mr. Robert Jackson £25 in consequence of the accident he sustained in the procession on Lord Mayor's day. Mr. F. A. Meyer, on his petition, and a report from a committee in his favour, was agreed to be admitted one of the twelve alien brokers. Mr. Buchanan was admitted an attorney of the Sheriff's Court. Wm. Pritchard, Esq., lately elected bailiff of Southwark, attending, made the usual declaration, and was sworn and admitted into that office. The inquests of Farringdon-within, St. Andrew, Holborn, and St. Bride, presented non-freemen, disorderly houses, and other nuisances, upon which the court directed proper measures to be taken, under the directions of the aldermen of the wards and the chamberlain, to remedy the same.

FREAKS OF A MANIAC.—On Monday forenoon, an Italian of the name of Scala Della Dominica, recently an officer in the army of Mehemet Ali, made a most singular attempt to disable himself by cutting off his toes, to overcome, he said, "the charms of the priests, who wanted to get rid of him." He had lately been lodging in Stafford-place, Piccadilly, and though considered to be of weak intellect, was known to be able to take care of himself and his property until the event above alluded to occurred. At two o'clock, Mr. Turner, surgeon, of Coventry-street, called upon him, according to appointment, to transact some business in which they were mutually concerned, and was surprised at seeing, as he entered the room, a pool of blood upon the floor. The lunatic (for he is now called one) was sitting on the carpet grasping a razor, round the handle of which he had bound a towel, and again covered it with string, saying, as he pointed to his feet, "You see what I have done." His friend remarked that he had severed one of his toes, and that blood was flowing copiously from the wound. He then said that he would cut off the other, but before he had time to carry his threat into effect, the razor was taken from him, and he was prevented from doing himself further injury. He gave as a reason for his strange conduct, that he knew, if he cut off both his little toes, it would put an end to the charms of the priests, who wanted to get rid of him. The blood having been stanchied, he was taken to St. George's Hospital, but it is feared that lock-jaw will come on. Mr. Pollock, the house-surgeon, under whose care the man now remains, has no doubt of his insanity.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Cheltenham stag-hounds, on Tuesday week, had a narrow escape of adding another item to the long catalogue of dreadful railway accidents. The meet had been the Rising Sun, and the stag having given its pursuers a smart run thence in a circuit round the town, crossed the railroad near Badgeworth, just as one of the Gloucester trains came up. The foremost dog was instantly crushed beneath the carriages, and had the train been a few seconds later, the whole of the pack must have shared the same fate, as the hounds were at the moment coming full speed down the bank; but the engine being at full speed also, the train had passed before they crossed in pursuit, followed by such of the field as were up at the time. The stag was captured all safe at Badgeworth.

BRILLIANT DAY WITH THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS.—On Monday this beautiful pack had one of the best days for the season. The meet was at Benfield, about nine miles from Windsor, a sufficient distance from town to render the field free from a London importation. There were but few, and those the regular men, headed by the noble Master, Lord Rosslyn, who showed on the occasion. The whole muster was not more than sixty. The stag was let out about eleven, near the Hound's Ina, at Benfield, but it was more than half an hour before the hounds were put on the scent. The long lay given justified the judgment of Charles Davis, who declared before starting, "The pack will have their work this morning." The line taken by the stag was from Benfield to Hurst, direct for Ruscombe, across the Western Railroad towards Twyford, by Wargrave on towards Henley, when he was taken, after a splendid run of one hour and ten minutes over a stiff and heavy fencing country. The distance could not be less than fourteen miles, and, when the state of the ground is considered, it needs not further particulars to prove the severity of the run. It would be almost invidious to mention names, for many went like thorough sportsmen.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—THURSDAY.

NOULTON v. BIDDULPH AND OTHERS.

This was an action against the London and Westminster Steam-Packet Company to recover the value of a boat, the property of the plaintiff, which had been run down in the Thames by one of the company's packets. The action was not brought until eight months after the accident had occurred. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £15.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

BEALE v. SELF—SLANDER.

The plaintiff in this case was a surgeon, residing in the Commercial-road, and the action was brought to recover from the defendant, who also is a medical gentleman, residing in the same neighbourhood, compensation in damages for slanderous words alleged to have been spoken by the defendant. The defendant pleaded justification. The plaintiff, it appeared, was in professional attendance in December 1841, on a Mrs. Self, as accoucheur. His avocations requiring his presence elsewhere, as the medical officer of the Stepney union, he left his patient, who was in considerable danger, for one day. In his absence other medical attendance was called in. The patient, however, died in a few days after, in the midst of much suffering. The absence and alleged improper treatment of the plaintiff became the subject of much unfriendly comment by the defendant, in the course of which he said that the plaintiff "was an ignorant quack, was liable to be prosecuted for professional ignorance, and that he was no better than a beadle to a dissecting-room." At the instance of the defendant an inquest was held on the body, when, after a diligent *post mortem* examination, at which plaintiff and defendant attended; the jury returned a verdict of "Natural death," and that the treatment of Mr. Beale, under her peculiar circumstances, was proper. On the part of the plaintiff, evidence was gone into to prove not only his professional competency as surgeon and accoucheur, but that he acquired it by a regular attendance at medical lectures at the hospitals.—His lordship left it to the jury to say to what damages the plaintiff under the circumstances was entitled. The justification pleaded by the defendant, he thought had not been made out. Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £100.

POLICE.

GUILDHALL.—William Cannell, the young man who attempted the life of Mrs. Magnus, the "bar-maid" of the Auction Mart Coffee-house, was on Tuesday examined before the Lord Mayor. The prisoner stated that he was twenty-one years of age, but his boyish appearance would justify the supposition that he was not more than sixteen or seventeen. His visage wore rather a woe-begone expression until spoke to, when he assumed a nonchalant air, answering the questions with somewhat of flippancy.—Mr. Wilkinson, the solicitor, appeared for the prosecution, and stated that the charge to be preferred against the prisoner was that of "shooting at with intent to murder." He called police-constable, 648, who stated that he was on duty on Monday night week, and about five minutes after midnight he heard a report of firearms. He thought the sound came from Angel-court, and went in that direction; he then heard a shriek for help from the top of Angel-court, and found it proceeded from a female who had come out of the Auction Mart Coffee-house. She exclaimed, "Mrs. Magnus is shot! Mrs. Magnus is shot!" He then got over the rails, descended the area steps, and entered the coffee-house. The female had got into the street by means of a window, for the gate was shut. Proceeded to search for the prisoner, and found him on the top of a staircase. When he first saw him, he was drawing his right hand out of his pocket. He said, "Here I am, here I am! What have I done? what have I done?" Witness told him he must take him in charge for wilfully shooting Mrs. Magnus. He brought him down stairs, and then discovered blood on his shirt, upon which he said to him, "Why you have cut your own throat." He replied, "Yes, I have." Witness then sent off for a surgeon, but Mr. Adams, of Broad-street, was passing at the time, who came in and dressed the prisoner's wound; he was then taken by witness to the station-house in Bishopsgate, when the charge was preferred against him of having shot at Mrs. Magnus. Prisoner was a good deal excited, and exclaimed, "Oh that woman, oh that woman! What a coward I must have been to shoot a person whom I loved, and who had been so kind to me." The wound in his throat was not very deep. It was inflicted with a clasp knife (termed a Spanish knife), with rather a long blade. The knife, stained with blood, a razor, and the pistol with which he had shot Mrs. Magnus, were here produced and examined by the Lord Mayor.—Witness proceeded: After the charge had been entered, he took the prisoner to St. Thomas's Hospital.—Mr. J. J. Adams, surgeon, of New Broad-street and St. Thomas's Hospital, stated that he sewed up the wound in the prisoner's throat, and gave directions for his removal to the hospital. He had also attended Mrs. Magnus ever since her admission, and sat up with her every night but two. Her wound was of the most dangerous character.—The Lord Mayor asked if it was not very unusual for medical men thus to sit up with patients?—Mr. Adams said the case was under his charge; in one so dangerous he thought no personal sacrifice too great. The bullet had entered on the right side, shattered one of the ribs, cut through the lungs, and came out on the other side within an inch of the heart. He had never before met a case with such extensive injuries which had not proved fatal. Had the ball gone an inch further on one side or the other, death must have been the result. The immediate and most dangerous effects had, however, been got over in a very extraordinary manner, and that which they had now to fear was, lest any excitement should bring on inflammation of the lungs, and terminate fatally, as a portion of one of the ribs which had been shattered they believed was projecting upon the lungs. The improvement which had taken place in the aspect of the case up to the present time was as remarkable as the

severity of the injuries themselves. Had there been any wadding in the pistol, the chances were that the life of the patient would have been sacrificed. Mr. Guthrie, the army surgeon, had seen the case, and agreed with him in the opinion that it was most extraordinary the woman had not been killed.—Mr. Wilkinson said his intention was to ask for a remand; and he thought sufficient evidence had been adduced to warrant his lordship in now remanding the prisoner until Mrs. Magnus should be able to attend.—The Lord Mayor: What have you to say, prisoner, why I should not remand you?—Prisoner (carelessly): I have nothing to say, except that the greater part of the evidence of the policeman is lies.—The Lord Mayor: What do you mean? Did he not take you as he has described?—Prisoner: I have nothing more to say. If a man comes here and gives wrong evidence, I have nothing more to say.—Lord Mayor: But in what respect has he given wrong evidence, as you call it?—Prisoner (flippantly): I have nothing more to say.—He was then remanded for a fortnight, and removed from the bar.—The Lord Mayor gave directions that he should be taken to the infirmary of the Giltspur-street Compter, and well taken care of.

BOW-STREET.—THE BLASPHEMOUS EXHIBITIONS IN HOLYWELL-STREET.—Philip James Green, a merchant, residing at 4, Dorset-place, Marylebone, was on Tuesday last placed at the bar, before Mr. Jardine, charged with stealing a written paper from the shop window of Thomas Patterson, described on the police sheet as a bookseller, 8, Holywell-street, Strand.—George Clarke, errand boy in the service of the prosecutor, stated that about two o'clock in the afternoon he was in his master's shop, when the prisoner came in and asked him to remove the placard that was then exhibited in the window, which witness said he could not do without the sanction of his master. Defendant then repeated the demand a second, and a third time, and upon witness refusing to comply, he jumped on the counter, pulled back the window-screen, and pulling down the paper delivered it to a person that stood by, and who, as witness understood, was his son. Witness then called a constable, and gave the prisoner in charge for robbery.—The officer here handed in the placard, which was the same as that torn down by Mr. Bruce.—The boy added that many gentlemen had asked what the price of the paper might be, and when he told his master of the circumstance, he desired him to get 5s. for it if he could.—The prisoner remarked that when in the charge-room the witness valued the paper at nothing when asked the price of it.—In answer to the charge, the defendant said he was passing along Holywell-street on Monday morning, on his way to his office in the City, when the witness was taking down the shutters. There were other placards with that produced in the shop, and on arriving at his office he consulted with his son, with whom he agreed to go to the shop and take down the bills unless they were removed at his desire. They accordingly proceeded to the shop, and, as the boy had correctly stated, tore down the bills, but not till the boy refused three times to remove them.—Mr. Jardine asked the boy who it was that placed the bills against the window?—The boy replied he did.—Mr. Jardine: By whose directions did you do so?—Boy (pertly): I decline to answer that question.—Mr. Twyford, who was also on the bench, observed that the witness had already said he could not remove them without the sanction of his master.—Mr. Jardine said it might be easily inferred by whose directions they were placed in the window.—The boy, on being again questioned, said he put them up by order of his master.—Mr. Jardine: Why did you decline to answer that question when you were first asked?—Boy: My master told me not to answer such a question.—Mr. Jardine then said there was no difficulty whatever about the nature of the charge, for it was not at all like a theft, the object of the accused being only to take down the papers in order to bring the subject into a state of prosecution. If Patterson had to complain of anything, he might, if he thought proper, bring an action for trespass; but as he (the magistrate) thought Mr. Green had no intention of committing a theft, he should not have been taken into custody on such a charge, and he might therefore be discharged.—Patterson then applied for the sum of 8s., which he understood had been paid into court by Mr. Bruce for the damage he had done.—Mr. Burnaby desired him to call at the clerk's office, and he should get the money upon passing a receipt for it.—Patterson wished it to be distinctly stated by the court, if the protection of the police was to be withdrawn from him, and if the accounts that appeared in the newspapers were correct.—Mr. Jardine said he had nothing to do with such matters.—Patterson: Can I take out a warrant against Mr. Bruce for robbery?—Mr. Jardine: What is the nature of the robbery?—Patterson: He came to my shop, and, having broken my windows, took from them a paper which still remains in his possession, or in that of the police.—Mr. Jardine said he must know a great deal more about the matter before he could assume that Mr. Bruce had committed a robbery.—Patterson again asked if he was not to be allowed the protection of the police.—Mr. Jardine replied, he was not to sit in the court to answer such questions, and requested to know what was the nature of Patterson's application.—Patterson: I want a warrant against Mr. Bruce.—Mr. Jardine: You must state on what grounds.—Patterson: To keep the peace, he having threatened to break every bone in my body—(a laugh)—and I have a witness to prove it.—The boy Clarke again stepped forward, and said that when Mr. Bruce came on Tuesday week he threatened to break every bone in his master's body; and he also stole a paper, for which witness gave him in charge.—Mr. Jardine inquired if he had seen Mr. Bruce since that occurrence.—The boy answered in the negative.—Mr. Jardine: It was with reference to the paper in question?—The Boy: Yes, it was.—Mr. Jardine said he was certain there was no danger to be apprehended from Mr. Bruce.—Patterson: Am I to understand that no redress will be afforded me?—Mr. Jardine: It is not in my power to grant you any under existing circumstances.—Patterson, upon hearing this, appeared quite disconcerted, and muttered something about adopting another course.—Mr. Abrahams, landlord of Patterson's house, waited on the magistrate, to express his regret that such persons had got on his premises. He was a strict Jew, and never countenanced the making the Holy Scriptures the subject of ridicule.—Mr. Jardine observed that no person ever thought of imputing blame to him for what had occurred in the house.—Mr. Abrahams assured the magistrate that he would have great pleasure in affording every assistance to the authorities in putting down the nuisance.

On Wednesday morning, on Mr. Twyford taking his seat on the bench, a young man, named Thomas Pearce, described as a corn-merchant, of Lion-wharf, Queenhithe, was placed at the bar, on a charge of stealing several written papers from the shop of Thomas Patterson, in Holywell-street.—The complainant, who was in attendance with his errand-boy, expressed a wish that the magistrate would allow the case to stand over for a short time.—Mr. Pearce said he saw no reason for a postponement, as he was prepared to meet any charge that might be preferred against him, and any delay would be attended with great inconvenience to him, for he was expected on the Corn-Exchange at an early hour, to transact business of importance.—Mr. Twyford said he could not depart from the usual course of taking the night charges, as it was to be supposed that parties having complaints to prefer against prisoners came prepared with sufficient evidence to meet the charge.—The complainant then called the boy Clarke to give evidence, and being placed in the witness-box, Mr. Twyford, addressing him, said, "Well, boy, before I allow you to take the Holy Scriptures in your hand to be sworn, I think it my duty to ask you if you believe in a future state; I mean by that, heaven and the Deity?"—Clarke replied that he did not think he was old enough to judge.—Mr. Twyford: Such being the case, I do not consider I should be justified in receiving your evidence. Are there any other witnesses?—Patterson replied he had no other witnesses.—Mr. Twyford (addressing the defendant) said, "You are discharged."—The defendant bowed and left the office.

CLERKENWELL.—William Check, a cab-driver, was charged with furious driving, to the imminent danger of the lives and limbs of passengers, and thereby damaging a chaise belonging to Mr. Hinton, of Highbury.—It appeared from the evidence of several witnesses that on Saturday night last the prisoner was observed to be quite drunk, and was driving his horse most furiously along Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, running from one side of the road to the other; and that such was the danger apprehended, that the passers-by betook themselves into the shops for their safety. The prisoner appeared to have no control whatever over his horse. At length Mr. Hinton's groom, who was driving his master's vehicle in an opposite direction, perceiving the danger to which his life was exposed by the prisoner's

conduct, leaped from the box, and in a moment after the prisoner's cab came into contact with Mr. Hinton's chaise with such violence that the shafts of the latter were broken, and it was otherwise much damaged. The whole of the witnesses concurred in stating that the prisoner was driving at the rate of at least fourteen miles an hour, and that several persons, the prisoner himself included, had a most narrow escape from serious injury.—The prisoner, in answer to the charge, denied having been drunk, or that he had driven at the furious rate mentioned by the witnesses. He said the running against Mr. Hinton's chaise was simply an accident.—The magistrate convicted him in the penalty of 20s., and in default ordered him to be imprisoned fourteen days in the House of Correction. He would leave Mr. Hinton to his remedy of summoning the prisoner for the amount of damage done to his chaise.—The prisoner said he could not pay the penalty, and was therefore sent to prison.

John Thompson, a well-known thief, was charged with picking a gentleman's pocket.—It appeared from the evidence of E 37, that the prisoner, with a crowd of the honest characters in St. Giles's, were standing in High-street on the previous night, when a gentleman passed. One of them said to the prisoner, "Now, Jack, have at him." The prisoner immediately ran after him, and dexterously picked the gentleman's pocket. The constable witnessed the occurrence, and arrested him. On his way to the station-house he pulled out a clasp-knife, but other constables came up and secured him.—He was committed for trial.

WORSHIP-STREET.—John Boyle, a ruffian-looking fellow, was charged with having committed a violent assault upon Charles Watson.—Complainant, a well-dressed young man, stated that about one o'clock on Monday morning, as he was returning from his friends in the Borough, he met the prisoner in the neighbourhood of Goswell-street, who came up to him and asked him where the great fight was to take place to-morrow? Complainant said he knew nothing about it—what fight did he mean? Prisoner said, "Oh the battle between big Bungaree and another;" and then, calling up to him a big dog that was following him, said, "Here is the lad that can beat Bungaree;" and with that he said to the dog, "Seize him," upon which the animal flew at complainant with the greatest ferocity, and, on his kicking the dog in his defence, the prisoner rushed upon him and commenced "pitching" into him with all his might. In the struggle they both came to the ground, and complainant was so cut about the face and head that he was almost blinded by his blood. Complainant's brother, who was present, attempted to call out for help, when about six men and six women rushed out from some concealed place, all of them fell upon complainant and kicked him dreadfully about the body. His brother escaped from their clutches and brought the police to his assistance, when prisoner was given in charge. Complainant never saw the prisoner before.—James Watson, the brother of complainant, corroborated the above.—The prisoner was sentenced to pay 20s., or to suffer ten days' imprisonment.

A middle-aged man and his sister, a poor and simple-looking pair, came before Mr. Broughton on Wednesday afternoon, to complain that a person named Palmer, but whose *nom de guerre* is Raphael, had defrauded them of £7 10s., upon pretence of casting their nativities, and putting them into possession of an estate. The case may serve as a salutary caution to those who feel an inclination to put their faith in the astrological prediction of Moore, Raphael, and other pretenders to astrology. The applicants handed to the magistrate a written statement of the circumstances, and also a "Prophetic Almanack," which had been the primary cause of the loss they complained of, and amongst a vast deal of imposing matter contained in the almanack, the magistrate was referred to a particular part, which set forth in glowing terms the virtues of astrology, and concluded with a pressing invitation to visit the prophet Raphael, who would answer questions of any kind relative to the destinies of those who consulted him, and render them other important services in proportion to the payment received, from two to twenty guineas.—The statement of the applicants was, that having unluckily purchased the produced almanack, and perused the contents, they resolved to consult the prophet, whose address was given in Eagle-place, City-road, and upon inquiring for Mr. Raphael, were introduced to him in the person of a Mr. Palmer. The sister first had an interview, and paid a preliminary fee of one guinea, in return for which the astrologer, having made himself acquainted with the particulars of her birth, parentage, and other family matters, undertook to ascertain from the heavenly bodies the nature of her destiny, and to draw up her horoscope. Several months, however, elapsed before he could collect the desired intelligence from the stars, and in the mean time the brother was induced to pay another guinea to have the same service performed for him. The conjuror at length produced what he called their horoscopes, and proceeded further to victimize them. In the course of his inquiries as to what money or property there had been in the family, he gathered from the woman's statements that she had some vague notion of a claim to some houses and land at Ealing, left, as she believed, by her great-grandfather, but by whom possessed she could not tell. The astrologer, however, promised to put her into possession of the property if she would give him £10 present money. She promised him a share of all the property he could recover for her, but the conjuror assured her that he had already worked scientifically in her behalf, and wanted money to go on with; and she gave him 30s. in two payments. Her brother afterwards made other payments, and they were kept in suspense for about a year, during which they paid, in the whole, about £7 10s. At last the astrologer, being unable to squeeze more money out of them, loaded them with abuse, in order to get rid of them; and, in reply to the importunities and threats of the brother, told him that if he dared to complain he should never have anything but ill-luck, he (the conjuror) having sufficient influence to make him miserable, both in this world and the next. Despite his threats and conjurations, however, his dupes had now the courage to make the case known to the magistrate. The two "horoscopes" were now produced. The man, it appeared, was born under Leo, and his life to be a chequered one of good and bad fortune; and his sister to have a couple of husbands, but the astrologer said, it was uncertain whether she would survive her fifty-ninth year.—Mr. Broughton having looked at the almanack and the other precious documents, expressed his surprise that any people could be found, at this time of day, so foolish as to part with their money for such trash; but he said he would have inquiry made about this Mr. Palmer, or Mr. Raphael, or by whatever name he might be known.—The applicants were then desired to leave their address, and Fitzgerald, one of the constables of the court, was directed to follow up the inquiry.

MARYLEBONE.—On Wednesday a gentlemanly-looking young man, who, at the station-house, gave his name James Essing, was charged on suspicion of having stolen, from the person of Lady Malcolm, a reticule, containing a £5 Bank of England note, together with £5 in gold, and some silver. Major Malcolm (who has just returned from China) gave evidence to the effect that on the previous evening he and his mother, Lady Malcolm, arrived at the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway at half-past five o'clock; they alighted from the carriage in which they had travelled, and while passing therefrom across the platform to get into his "brougham," Lady Malcolm suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! somebody has cut my bag." He (the major) saw that the prisoner was close to Lady Malcolm, upon her right, on which arm her reticule was held; and on her making the exclamation, he (prisoner) ran off behind the brougham, and "doubled" round an omnibus. He was followed and given into custody; and the reticule, which had not been deprived of any portion of its contents, was picked up from the platform. James Hallett and Thomas Williams were examined.—The latter, who is one of the railway company's sergeants, said that when he mentioned to his inspector that the prisoner was known, he (prisoner) said to him, "What good will you do if you 'jacket' me?" He (Williams) had known him for three years as a member of the "swell mob."—Mr. Rawlinson, after a few minutes' conversation with Major Malcolm, from whom he ascertained that there was a disinclination on the part of Lady Malcolm to attend, discharged the prisoner, at the same time telling him that he was well known, and that, if brought up again, he might not perhaps get off so easily.

UNION HALL.—James Morgan and Mary Williams were charged with robbing a Mrs. Wise of a purse containing a quantity of silver, and also with making a determined attack on her son while engaged in securing them until a policeman arrived on the spot. Mrs. Wise

stated that in passing along Westminster-road on the preceding afternoon, accompanied by her son and a gentleman, she stopped for a moment to look in a jeweller's shop window, and while there the two prisoners came, when the female thrust her hand into her pocket, took out her purse, and then handed it over to the male prisoner. Her son and also the gentleman observing the act, endeavoured to effect the capture of the prisoners, who made a most determined resistance, each of them endeavouring to throw them down, but they were held until a policeman came up; but in the meantime they got rid of the purse by giving it to an associate who was near the spot, and who escaped with it. It was stated that after dusk of an evening, regular organised gangs of pickpockets were constantly hovering about the Westminster-road, committing robberies—that they watched the policemen, and robbed with impunity when they were gone to a distant part of the beat from that where the intended act was to be committed. In this manner several females particularly had been robbed by these gangs of thieves. The prisoners were remanded, it being expected that others of the gang will be taken into custody.

CORONERS' INQUESTS

On Tuesday afternoon an inquest was held at the Crown and Sceptre, Britannia-street, City-road, on the body of Mrs. Charlotte Burckett, 31 years of age. It appeared by the evidence that on Saturday evening the deceased was speaking to a friend at her dwelling-house, 107, Britannia-street, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, my head!" and sank down on the floor, and expired. Mr. Hills, a surgeon, was sent for, but in vain. Verdict—"Died by the visitation of God."

A DRUNKARD'S FATE.—A coroner's inquest was held at the Compter, Giltspur-street, on the body of Richard Bailey, aged 31, lately a porter in the service of Mr. Hart, wine-merchant, of Fenchurch-street. It appeared that the deceased had an uncontrollable propensity for ardent spirits, which, in the end, rendered him dishonest. On Saturday week he lost his situation, and being suspected of having robbed his late master, the police received information of the suspicion. In consequence they watched him, and on Wednesday se'night one of their body met him in the city, carrying a two-gallon stone bottle, which he dropped as soon as the constable accosted him. The contents consisted of whisky, which he said he was taking, by his "master's" orders, to a person in Broad-street. This statement proved untrue, and the deceased was lodged in the station, where, during the night, he was much excited, and otherwise indisposed. The next day he was taken before the Lord Mayor, and remanded to the Compter until Monday. The moment he entered the prison his indisposition was perceived, and he was placed in the infirmary, and attended to by the medical officer, but he died on Friday week. Mr. M'Murdo, the prison surgeon, said he had examined the body internally, and found disease of the brain and liver, the result of hard drinking. Deceased had confessed his propensity for ardent spirits, and said that shortly before his apprehension he had swallowed a large quantity. Death was to be attributed to great excitement, the consequence of recent immoderate drinking of raw spirit. Verdict—"Died from excessive drinking."

SUICIDE THROUGH FILIAL SORROW.—Mr. Payne held an inquest on Saturday at the Queen's Head, Creech-church lane, Leadenhall-street, on the body Elias Jacobs, aged 40, a coffee-house keeper, of No. 2, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, and of the Hebrew persuasion. Julia Hiams, servant to deceased, said that, seeing on that morning he did not come down stairs at his accustomed hour, she suspected, from previous circumstances, that he had destroyed himself in his bed-room. Fearing to go and ascertain the fact by herself, she sent for a policeman, who forced the bed-room door, and found the deceased suspended by the neck from the bed rail by means of a cord. He had been dead, a surgeon who had been called in said, many hours. Ever since his father's death, which took place eleven months ago, his sorrow was so great that it frequently amounted to insanity, and latterly he was attended by a keeper from a lunatic asylum, who more than once prevented him from dashing out his brains by butting his head against the wall. The passing of the Income-tax Act had added to his insanity, and his constant incoherent ravings about the ultimate injury he fancied it would do him so much annoyed his customers, that they abandoned his shop one after the other. Though, besides his business, he inherited a fair portion of freehold property, he dreaded so much the effect of the income-tax, that no argument could persuade him that it would not be his ruin. Verdict—"Insanity."

CHRISTMAS.

Of all the festivals which crowd the Christian calendar, there is none that exercises an influence so strong and universal as that of Christmas; and those quaint customs and joyous observances which once abounded throughout the rural districts of England are at no period of the year so thickly congregated, or so strongly marked, as at this season of unrestrained festivity. The extended space of time over which this festival is spread—the protracted holiday which it creates—points it out for the gathering together of distant friends, whom the passing nature of an occasional and single celebration would fail to collect. The festival, although anciently celebrated by different churches in the respective months of April, May, and December, is now universally kept by every Christian denomination at this season. It is observed as a general holiday throughout England. As early as the twelfth century we have accounts of the spectacles and pageants by which Christmas was welcomed at the court of the then monarch, Henry II.; and from this period the wardrobe, rolls, and other household books of the English kings furnish continual evidences of the costly preparations made for this festival. The sanguinary wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster disturbed throughout a long period the mirthful celebration and the lavish profusion expended upon it. There is, however, a beautiful example of the sacred influence of this high festival recorded by Turner, in his "History of England." During the siege of Orleans, in 1428, he says, "The solemnities and festivities of Christmas gave a short interval of repose. The English lords requested of the French commanders that they might have a night of minstrelsy, with trumpets and clarions. This was granted, and the horrors of war were suspended by melodies that were felt to be delightful." The reign of Henry VIII was one of jousts and pageants till it became a reign of blood, and accordingly the Christian pageantries were then distinguished by increased pomp. The court celebrations of Christmas were observed in the reign of the first James, and Prince Charles himself was an occasional performer in the pageantries prepared for the occasion. In the early years of Charles's reign, the court pageants of this season were got up with extraordinary brilliancy—the king, with the lords of his court, and the queen, with her ladies, frequently taking parts therein. During the whole of this time the forms of court ceremonial were aped, and the royal establishments imitated as far as possible by the more powerful nobles; and the masques and pageantries exhibited for the royal amusement were accordingly reproduced at their princely mansions in the country. The sports and festivities of the season were everywhere taken under the protection of the lord of the soil; and all classes of his dependants had a customary claim upon the hospitalities which he prepared for the occasion.



OLD CHRISTMAS.

A SONG OF THE WASSAIL BOWL.

They say that bright Venus, when she came to wuan us
From prudence, and bind us to love, boy;
Blush'd up in a glow, from the sea-deeps below,
And took flight for the palace of Jove, boy!
Old Christmas was born on a frostier morn,
But with full as much warmth in his soul, sir;
Jove's nectar his sea; like a spirit-king, he
Burst fresh into life from the bowl, sir!
From the bowl, sir!
Burst fresh into life from the bowl, sir!
Ho, ho! for Christmas! on island, sea, or isthmus,
There's no old boy brings so much joy
As jolly, holly Christmas!

He came up to town, in a green thorny crown,
Cold struck his frost-coat, and all felt it;
But he ne'er threw it off, for men soon 'gan to quaff
Of the stuff that was certain to melt it!
His coat wouldn't stay, but, dissolving away,
Drop by drop, of departure gave warning,
Till old Christmas was found, stark naked and drown'd,
In the very same bowl he was born in!
Was born in!
The very same bowl he was born in!
Ho, ho! for Christmas! on island, sea, or isthmus!
There's no old boy brings so much joy
As jolly, holly Christmas!

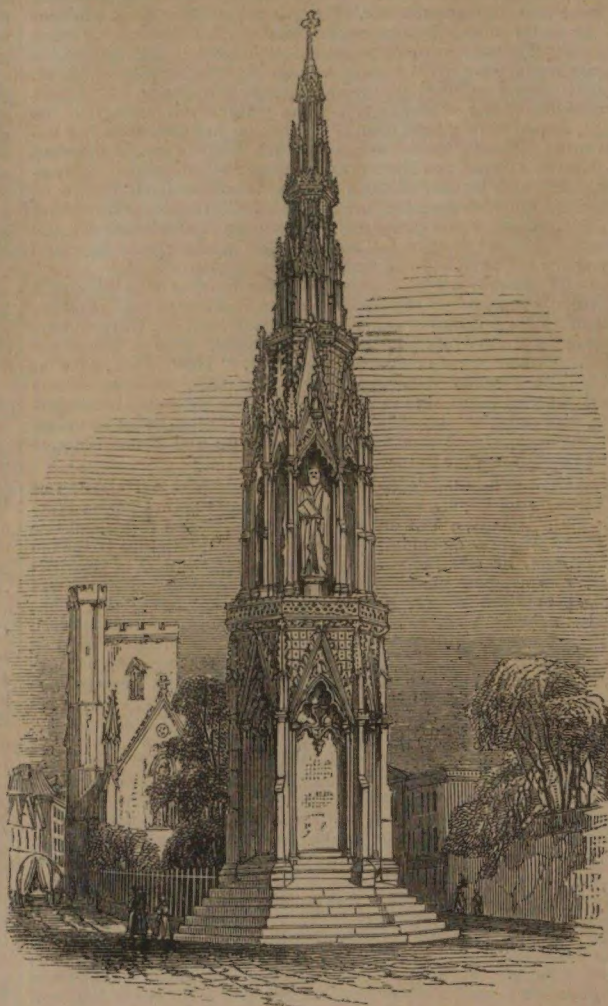
When Venus went mad for Adonis, dull lad,
Who was killed by a boar for his folly,
To a sweet purple flow'r he turn'd in an hour;—
When Christmas died he turn'd to Holly!
Venus got her fair swain to live once again;
So Bacchus got Christmas permission
To be born every year from his wassail-bowl cheer,
And to die in its happy perdition!
Perdition!
To die in its happy perdition!
Ho, ho! for Christmas! on island, sea, or isthmus!
There's no old boy brings so much joy
As jolly, holly Christmas!

On Monday night the police received information, that on the morning of the 8th instant some person or persons wilfully and maliciously set fire to the house, stabling, and numerous outhouses, together with a number of wheat and hay-ricks, several valuable horses, and a quantity of poultry. The hon. member's estate is at Dorking, Surrey. Mr. Denison has offered a reward of £100, the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Dorking £270, and the Government £100, to any person who shall give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the incendiary, and a free pardon to any accomplice (not being the party who actually set fire to the property) who shall cause the offender to be apprehended.

A large number of forged Bank of England notes are in circulation. They appear to have been worked from one plate, as they are numbered 1827, and are all dated June 4, 1842.

MEMORIAL TO THE MARTYRS, OXFORD.

Oxford has always ranked high in the list of English cities as possessing a rich profusion of stately edifices and classic structures devoted to education and linked with memories and associations of learning and piety. Another feature of great interest, of considerable beauty of design and completeness of execution, has just been added to the previous attractions of the place; and we lose no time in presenting our readers with an engraving of the memorial to the martyrs built by subscription and placed in front of the Magdalen Church. It presents an imposing appearance—the design being quite in accordance with the object in view and with the general character of the chief Gothic buildings of the city. An avenue of trees leads to the martyr-memorial, which is seventy feet high, and, as will be seen by the above sketch, designed after the crosses which the virtues of Queen Eleanor led her consort to erect to her memory. Of these records of royal affection,—raised upon each spot where the funeral procession halted on the way to the place of sepulture,—three only remain; one near Northampton, recently restored by Mr. Blore; another at Waltham—the well-known Waltham-cross—restored by Mr. Clark; and a third at Geddington, now in ruins. The beauty of these Gothic structures has often been the theme for admiration, and the gentlemen entrusted with the erection of the Oxford memorial have given good proof of their taste by selecting a similar design for the commemoration of the piety, learning, and melancholy fate of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. Adding another architectural embellishment to Oxford, this monument stands also a



MEMORIAL TO THE MARTYRS, OXFORD.

beacon and a warning for all future time. From the three niches in which Archbishop Cranmer, Bishop Ridley, and Bishop Latimer are now to stand, a great moral lesson will shadow itself forth. As the gaze scans the lineaments of the old martyr-divines, memory will call up the facts which history tells of their career; and as the recollection arises, that the first, although archbishop of Canterbury, was burned at Oxford on the 21st of March, 1556—the fate which had befallen Bishops Ridley and Latimer during the previous October—as imagination conjures up the live scorching flames curling around the venerable figures of the aged men, the faggots heaped plentifully about their devoted bodies, and thousands around gazing upon the frightful spectacle and persuading themselves they were doing an act pleasant to God and necessary to salvation—when all these thoughts are prompted, a heartfelt thanksgiving must rise to the lips at the consideration that we live in times when such atrocities are not allowed to disgrace the name of religion, and that the rack, the thumbscrew, and the stake are no longer the ready instruments of mistaken piety, bigot zeal, or superstitious cruelty.

THE MARKETS.

CORN-EXCHANGE.—We have received a very moderate arrival of English wheat since our last report, while the stands at Mark-lane, on each market day, have been scantily filled with samples. The finest qualities of wheat of home produce have gone off steadily, at full rates of currency, but in other kinds exceedingly little has been passing. We have had a fair retail inquiry for free foreign wheat, but no improvement has taken place in prices. Although the supply of barley has proved large, the best malting sorts have gone off on full as good terms; but grinding and distilling parcels are a shade easier. Oats, beans, peas, and flour have ruled heavy, at late currencies.

ARRIVALS.—English: wheat, 4210; barley, 16,080; malt, 9070; and oats, 11,020 quarters; flour, 7530 sacks. Irish: barley, 430; and oats, 1070 quarters. Foreign: wheat 600 quarters.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 46s to 55s; ditto white, 57s to 59s; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 49s to 57s; do. white, 51s to 58; rye, 34s to 38s; grinding barley, 27s to 29s; malted do., 30s to 32s; Chevalier, 32s to 34s; Suffolk and Norfolk malt, 56s to 62s; brown do., 50s to 54s; Kingston and Ware, 56s to 62s; Chevalier, 63s; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 23s to 24s; potato do., 25s to 26s; Youghal and Cork, black, 17s to 18s; do. white, 19s to 20s; tick beans, new, 34s to 36s; do. old, 34s to 38s; grey peas, 36s to 38s; maple, 33s to 34s; white, 30s to 35s; boilers, 32s to 37s; per quarter. Town-made flour, 44s to 45s; Suffolk, 38s to 40s; Stockton and Yorkshire, 36s to 38s; per 280 lbs. **Foreign.**—Free wheat, 50s to 58s. **In Bond.**—Barley, 20s; oats, new, 15s to 17s; do. feed, 14s to 16s; beans, 20s to 26s; peas, 23s to 27s; per quarter. Flour, America, 22s to 24s; Baltic 22s per barrel.

The Seed Market.—A few parcels of Cloverseed have been offering, but at very low prices. Canaryseed barely maintains its value. In other kinds of seeds scarcely anything is doing.

The following are the present rates:—Linseed, English, sowing, 48s to 57s; Baltic, crushing, 42s to 45s; Mediterranean and Odessa, 45s to 46s; hempseed, 35s to 46s; per quarter; coriander, 10s to 18s per cwt.; brown mustard seed, 10s to 11s; white do., 10s to 10s 6d; tares, 5s 0d to 5s 9d per bushel; English rapeseed, new, 30s to 33s per last of ten quarters. Linseed cakes, English, 10s to 10s 10d; do. foreign, 7s to 7s 10s per 1000; rapeseed cakes, 5s 5s. to 6s per ton.

Imperial Weekly Average.—Wheat, 46s 10d; Barley, 26s 5d; Oats, 17s 2d; Rye, 28s 11d; Beans, 29s 10d; Peas, 32s 2d.

Imperial Average of Six Weeks which govern Duty.—Wheat, 48s 5d; Barley, 27s 7d; Oats, 17s 7d; Rye, 30s 5d; Beans, 30s 11d; Peas, 33s 2d per quarter.

Duty on Foreign Corn.—Wheat, 20s 0d; Barley, 9s 0d; Oats, 8s 0d; Rye, 10s 6d; Beans, 10s 6d; Peas, 9s 6d.

Bread.—The prices of wheaten bread are from 7d to 7½d; of household ditto, 5d to 6½d for the 4lb loaf.

Tea.—Prices are on the decline for all sorts of tea, with a very heavy market. At the public sales buyers have operated with great caution, and the rates have fallen from 1d to 2d per lb.

Sugar.—In this market exceedingly little has been passing this week, and quotations are a shade easier. Refined sugar is much depressed. Standard lumps are selling at 73s 6d; bonded crushed, 27s per cwt.

Coffee.—We have few buyers for coffee, either for home consumption or export, yet holders refuse to give way in price.

Cocoa.—There is a slight improvement in the demand for this article, but without any advance in prices.

Rice.—Bengal is in slow request, but supports former rates. Madras is quite as dear.

Cassia Lignea.—This article has declined about 2s per cwt., with a heavy demand.

Cochineal.—Very little business has been passing in cochineal, at late rates.

Saltpetre.—The market is dull, and prices are again lower.

Tallow.—The demand is dull, at 48s on the spot, and 48s 3d to 48s 6d for forward delivery.

Oils.—This market is very inactive, and prices are again lower.

Fruit.—Our prices for fruit are very dear for the time of year, yet the inquiry is by no means inactive.

Provisions.—The Irish butter-market rules dull. In foreign butter very little is doing. Holstein is selling at 106s to 110s, and Friesland 106s to 108s per cwt. The demand for lard is steady, at 55s to 57s for Waterford bladdered. In bacon, and most other kinds of provisions, next to nothing is passing.

Coal.—Holywell Main, 17s 6d; Tanfield Moor, 19s 6d; West Wylam, 16s 3d; W. G. Brown's, 17s; Hilda, 18s; Belmont, 19s 6d; Hetton, 21s; Braddill's Hetton, 21s 3d; Lambton, 21s; Kilroe, 21s; Adelaide, 21s; Evenwood, 17s 6d. Ships arrived, 161.

Hops.—The best East Kent bags command a steady inquiry; but in all other kinds of hops scarcely anything is doing.

Potatoes.—About 2000 tons of potatoes have reached the Pool this week from Scotland and various parts of England. Owing to the mildness of the weather, the demand is heavy, at from £1 10s to £3 per ton—the latter figure being for York reds.

Smithfield.—We have had a most excellent supply of each kind of stock here this week, which has met a steady, but by no means brisk, inquiry, at the following quotations:—Beef, from 3s 2d to 4s 6d; mutton, 3s 4d to 4s 6d; veal, 3s 8d to 4s 4d; and pork, 3s 8d to 4s 6d per 8lbs., to sink the offal.

Newgate and Leadenhall.—As is invariably the case, at this season, the supplies of slaughtered meat on offer for Christmas consumption have been very good, while the trade has ruled steady. Beef from 3s 2d to 4s; mutton, 3s 4d to 4s 2d; veal, 3s 8d to 4s 4d; and pork 3s 8d to 4s 4d per 8lbs., by the carcass.

ROBERT HERBERT.

COMMERCE AND MONEY.

In the money market the same activity has not prevailed during this week which we noticed in our last publication; nor does the same confidence exist amongst capitalists, which, for some time past, was made so visible by their money operations. In the account for Consols a decline of nearly 1 per cent. occurred two days ago, and since then no inclination to make investments in public securities of any description has been in any particular manner manifested. For this certainly unlooked for alteration in the money market various reasons, as is usually the case, have been given, but it is difficult indeed to select the right one. The smallest breath of future evil is quite sufficient to affect opinions in the money market, particularly amongst the dealers in the British funds; and accordingly we strongly suspect that the bears, on this occasion, have enlisted into their service rumours, which, no doubt, are possible, but not very probable. The chief cause given by them for the time sales which they have, within these few days, been induced to make is the state of public affairs between France and Spain, particularly the increase of bad feelings between the two Governments which the late events at Barcelona have created. Of any public evil, however, arising from this cause, no fear whatever need be entertained. The present Government of Spain will be ruled by good sense, and the hostilities of the Government and of the press of France will evaporate, as is usually the case, in smoke. There is a far more likely cause for the slight depression which has occurred in the value of the Consols, than the probability of an European war. We regret to state that the prospects of the public revenue for the quarter ending on the 5th January next, are anything but cheering. On the contrary, from information which we have received, another considerable deficiency in the revenue will be then made known; and the opinion that fifty millions sterling of annual taxation is a larger sum than the industry and profits of the United Kingdom can annually afford to pay will thereby be materially strengthened. This may, no doubt, for a time assist the bears in their efforts to reduce the value of the Consols, but the steady moral energy in the British empire which will speedily remove the anticipated evil. The revival of commercial activity, both at home and abroad, must speedily restore public confidence in all public channels for the productive employment of money. In London the three leading joint stock banks are in a gradually increasing state of prosperity, and amongst the joint stock banks out of London, improved management is now rapidly improving the credit of the great majority of these institutions. In railroad shares, likewise, a fair field for the profitable employment of money still exists. The expenditure of the leading lines must now annually be reduced, whilst their profits must be annually on the increase. This is more particularly the case in the London and Birmingham, and also in the Grand Junction lines; the shares of the former readily commanding a premium of £100, and those of the latter one of £91 on each share. Nearly seventy millions sterling have been already invested in railroads during the last twenty years, and, during the next twenty years, it is very probable that a field will be opened for the investment of capital to the same extent in similar undertakings. Money so employed, at the same time that it improves the nation's wealth, gives wages to thousands of families, and increases the value of agricultural produce, of manufactured goods, and of colonial products of every description. To fancy that, with such unbounded sources of internal wealth, any deficiency can long exist in our revenue is ridiculous in the extreme, and, if possible, the idea even becomes more absurd, when we look at the present brilliant prospects of our foreign commerce, whereby the manufacturing portion of our population is already fully and profitably employed throughout all the manufacturing districts.

In commercial shipping property, the great strength and stay of the British empire, we have likewise the greatest satisfaction in announcing that some improvement has occurred, the value of ships being increased, certainly not less than fifteen per cent., since the receipt of the late favourable news from the East; and freights, for vessels of the first class, can be much more easily obtained than they have been for several years past, at improved rates.

In the colonial markets appearances are not quite so satisfactory as they are in many other departments of commerce. Sugar and coffee, as articles of necessary consumption, and buyers, of course, but the value of the former remains stationary, and little animation is at present visible in Mincing-lane transactions. The West India planters have several difficulties to struggle against, and no material amendment in their prospects can immediately be expected by them.

In Mark-lane we regret to say that no improvement has occurred during the week in the value of any description of agricultural produce, but still, after the turn of the year, a considerable improvement in the value of Wheat is anticipated by those whose opinions on agricultural affairs are at all times respectable, because they possess the best sources of information.

BRITISH FUNDS.—(CLOSING PRICES).—FRIDAY.

Bank Stock, 172	India Stock pm
3 per Cent Red., 94½	Ditto Bonds pm
3 per Cent Cons.	Ditto Old Annuities,
3½ per Cent Red., 101	Ditto New Annuities,
New 3½ per Cent.	Ex. Bills, 1000l., 2d., 51 pm
Long Annuities to expire	Ditto 500l., 49 pm
Jan. 1860,	Ditto Small, 49 pm
Oct. 1859,	Bank Stock for Opp.,
Jan. 1860,	India Stock for Acct.,
	Consols for Opp., 93½

SHARES.

Bristol and Exeter (p),	London and Blackwall (p), 5½
Edinburgh and Glasgow (50 p), 47½	London and Birmingham (100 p), 189½
Great Western Railway (65 p), 89½	Ditto Thirds (32 p),
Ditto New Shares (50 p), 63½	Ditto New Shares (2 p), 33½
Ditto Fifth (4 p), 8½	London and South Western
London and Brighton (50 p), 36	(£41 6s. 10d. p), 62



THE LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30.

WAR-OFFICE. Dec. 29.—7th Foot: Ensign T. L. Mayne to be Lieutenant, vice Bishton. 10th Foot: Lieut. H. E. Longdon to be Adjutant, vice Carrook. 12th Foot: Ensign J. H. Carige to be Lieutenant, vice Duff. 25th Foot: R. Smith to be Ensign, vice Mayne. 33rd Foot: Ensign H. C. Fitzgerald to be Lieutenant, vice Stuart; Ensign F. J. W. Knollys to be Lieutenant, vice Fitzgerald. 49th Foot: Lieut. J. Heally to be Adjutant, vice Browne. 50th Foot: Capt. C. W. James to be Captain, vice Murray; Lieut. T. Crowe to be Adjutant and Lieutenant, vice Waddy. 60th Foot: Lieut. E. M. Love to be Captain, vice Austin; Second Lieut. H. Robinson to be First Lieutenant, vice Love; J. Bailie to be Second Lieutenant, vice Robinson. 64th Foot: Lieut. W. H. Carter to be Lieutenant, vice Smyth. 67th Foot: Capt. S. H. Murray to be Captain, vice James. 71st Foot: Lieut. W. Hope to be Adjutant, vice Whittingham. 76th Foot: Lieut. C. S. S. Evans to be Captain, vice Carry; Ensign vice O'Donoghue to be Lieutenant, vice Evans; C. J. B. Plestow to be Ensign, vice O'Donoghue. 81st Foot: W. Splain to be Ensign, vice Carige. 95th Foot: W. R. Maxwell to be Ensign, vice Carrook. 98th Foot: Lieut. J. D. Smyth to be Lieutenant, vice Carter.

MEMORANDUM.—The Christian names of Capt. Sibley, of the 62nd Foot, are Charles William; the Christian names of Ensign Campbell, of the 49th Foot, are John Ball.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.—S. RAY, Duke-street, St. James's, bookbinder.

BANKRUPTS.—W. BUTLER, Holborn-hill, victualler. W. W. MANSELL, Old Broad-street, City, bill-broker. R. PERCIVAL, Hockley, Hertfordshire, inn-keeper.

J. DUNCAN, Lombard-street, cloth-merchant. W. ASHCROFT, jun., Abchurch-square, Commercial-road cooper. J. J. DELL, Strand, tavern-keeper. A. D. BROKOVSKI, High-street, Wapping, ship-chandler. W. WEBB, Liverpool, ironmonger. W. WRIGHT, Burton, Staffordshire, baker. D. MATTHEWS, Pendleton, Lancashire, victualler.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—R. DAVIDSON, Dundee, iron-merchant. J. SCOTLAND and W. WATSON, Dunfermline, manufacturers. THE ROCKHILL QUARRY COMPANY, Caithness. THE LARGS WOOLLEN COMPANY, Largs, Ayrshire. H. RITCHIE, Saltcoats, merchant. R. BROWN, Edinburgh, painter.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20.

WINDSOR CASTLE. Dec. 21.—An address of congratulation on the birth of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, having been transmitted for presentation to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, has been presented by the Marquis of Exeter to his Royal Highness, who was pleased to receive the same very graciously.

BANKRUPTS.—T. ELASON, innkeeper, Ecton, Northamptonshire. C. JONES, tavern-wine and spirit merchant, Selby, Yorkshire. J. GREGORY, table-knife manufacturer, Sheffield. J. HERRING and W. HERRING, merchants, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. J. BENNETT, railroad contractor, Reading. J. BUCKTHORP, currier, East Loos, Cornwall.

R. BARNES, tanner, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. G. RICHMOND, corn-dealer, Cowley, Oxfordshire. T. FRASER, Italian-warehouseman, Brook-street, Bond-street. W. BOWLER, comb-maker, Castle-lane, Southwark. G. B. SALVI, wine-merchant, Duke-street, Portland-place.

PRICE OF SUGAR.—The average price of Brown, or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the Returns made in the Week ending Dec. 20, 1842, is 53s. 1½d. per cwt., exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the importation thereof into Great Britain.

BIRTH.

At Shinfield Manor House, near Reading, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Dunn, of a son. **MARRIAGES.**

At Kirby Ravensworth, near Richmond, Yorkshire, James Strachan, Esq., to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Richardson, Esq., of Lowther, Westmoreland.—On the 10th instant, Mr. Frederick Cowell, of High-street, Southwark, to Mary, widow of the late Mr. John Henshaw, of Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

DEATHS.

At Kingston, Henry, the son of F. H. Dickinson, Esq., M.P., aged five months.—At Bognor Lodge, Sussex, the Hon. Frances Knight, daughter of Charles eighth Lord Dornier, and wife of Robert Knight, Esq., of Barrels, Warwickshire.—In Gower-street, Martha Elizabeth, the wife of John Adolphus, Esq., at Castle-hill, Ealing, General Sir Frederick Wetherell, G.C.H., aged 88.—At Clifton, Elizabeth, relict of Samuel Warrall, Esq., and last surviving daughter of Thomas Lechmere, Esq., of Boston, Massachusetts, aged 75.

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